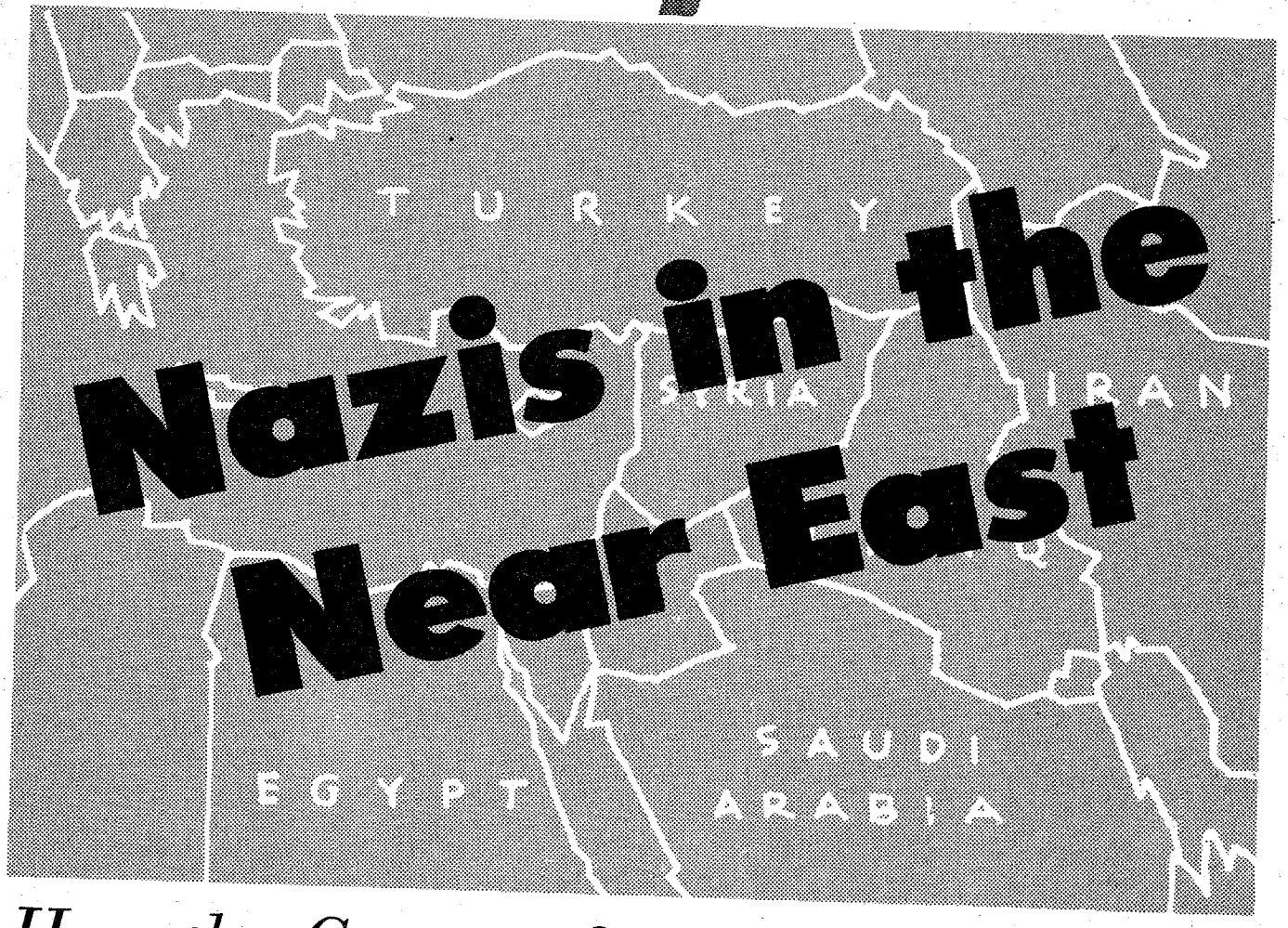
20c • DECEMBER 14, 1953

Mr. Brownell's Other Tasks

New Republic



Nazis in the Near East

How the German Generals Are Training the Near Eastern Armies, Equipped by the Industrialists of the Ruhr

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In This Issue . . . More

BOOKS AT CHRISTMAS

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T. R. B. *Washington Wire*

We are unaccountably cheerful as we write this, which must be a bad sign. This scolding column only tells what's wrong with the world; when cheerfulness breaks through we must be losing our grip. Let us approach affairs then very, very cautiously. Don't hold us to anything we say this week; we expect to be back on our normal routine, grinding our teeth, pulling our hair and taking sedative pills by the time this gets into print.

First of all, they didn't throw Air Force Lt. Milo Radulovitch out of the service because he has a leftist sister and father. A board of colonels thought they should, but Air Secretary Harold Talbott overruled them. All of a sudden, when we read this, we looked up and thought we saw a star shining through the clouds.

Then there has been an extraordinary outbreak of sanity in places where you would least expect it. Britain and Iran have resumed negotiations. Italy and Yugoslavia have decided to move emergency troops back from Trieste. Sen. William E. Jenner has decided not to declare war on Canada, but to accede to her terms for interviewing ex-Soviet code clerk Gouzenko. Good; this is all good.

Then again, the Big Three have been meeting in Bermuda and our reluctant State Department will almost certainly be forced to join a Big Four foreign ministers' conference in Europe in January.

(Note 1. Our busybody officials are so engrossed warning that a Big Four conference may not produce anything because of the Russians that they can't understand that a flop at such a gathering could not possibly do so much damage as not holding such a conference at all.)

(Note 2. Because we weren't sent to Bermuda we get a misanthropic chuckle out of all the cable copy coming from that affair without any news in it. We covered a Big Three newsless Quebec conference once ourselves, and we'll tell you about it some time.)

Another cheerful fact was news that the following papers have recently dropped Westbrook Pegler: *Peoria* (Ill.) *Journal; Deseret* (Salt Lake City) *News; Atlanta Constitution; Ohio State Journal; Dallas Morning News.*

And finally we have just sent a line to the White House saying for God's sake, kick McCarthy in the pants. Probably our good humor springs from that. Tira-lira. Instead of just talking we have done something. We never kissed a message off with such happiness. It gave us a glow all day. Of course, we know perfectly well that this is a confusion of values. The man most responsible for McCarthy is Eisenhower—good, idealistic, generous Ike. It was he who accepted a sordid marriage of convenience with Joe in the campaign and has played footie with him ever since.

A word of direct attack from him and the "leaders" of the country would follow, including the one-party GOP press. The Presidential role is dual, part political, part high priest, and in this second capacity Ike has let us down by not saying flatly and boldly that McCarthyism is loathsome and the man a stinker. Instead he picks McCarthy's crony, Robert E. Lee, for the Federal Communications Commission and his other pal, Scott McLeod, for State Department security officer. But, oh dear, there we go again; let's save all that for next week. It was a nice message, and we do feel a glow.

The fact is that Ike is being pushed into a posture of leadership, and this is quite encouraging. As soon as Ike's commissions tell him what his program is and what he stands for, Ike will place it before a big, dramatic meeting of GOP Congressional leaders, December 17, 18 and 19, at the White House. This should be something to watch. We must say we thought Ike made a manly statement at his press conference last week when he said that if the Republican Party can't put through a dynamic, progressive program "it does not deserve to remain in power." If the man would talk like that more often, things would look brighter around here. Word has gone out that Ike really means what he says and is going on the offensive after a wasted year.

And while we are about it let us say a kind word for Secretary John Foster Dulles. He stood below us at the end of the slanting "little theatre" at the State Department press conference last week ready to reply to McCarthy. He was a grave, sober, Quaker-like figure, in black suit with a silver ribbon for his spectacle case and plain steel glasses. He was in deadly earnest. He brought in the name of his maternal grandfather, John W. Foster, himself a Secretary of State, and we were reminded of the line "ancestral voices prophesying war" and said to ourselves, "McCarthy — watch out!"

Indeed Mr. Dulles made a quietly formidable figure and we shall remember him for a long time standing there, with a fighting glint in his eye, because he was fighting on our side.

McCarthy, whether he knows it or not, is on the side of an atomic war. What is happening in the world today is a settling down of the power struggle, temporarily anyway, into an uneasy balance that might turn into something better. McCarthy wants to coerce our allies into continuing the struggle at white heat. He is against what is happening; he is bucking the tide of events. He is looking for a good new adrenalin-releasing issue to take the place of the spy-under-the-bed issue which shows signs of playing out—as his hoax at the Fort Monmouth radar laboratory investigation revealed. He is willing to lose America her friends, break the Grand Alliance and threaten atomic war to aid in his bid for leadership in the Republican Party. Well, it won't do—whatever the number of telegrams received at the White House. And somehow Joe himself takes on a different guise in his new occupation—counting telegrams at the White House instead of rubber-hosing some unfortunate witness. Men like Joe can't afford to look ridiculous, and this telegram stunt makes him do that.

Meanwhile adroit Attorney General Brownell is trying to kidnap McCarthy's own precious spies-in-government issue and give it more respectable rearing on the Administration side for use in 1954. We don't know yet which will win, McCarthyism or Brownellery.

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Noteworthy This Week

BEHIND THE HEADLINES

From Every Mountainside

THE QUESTION whether the Eisenhower Administration intends to open up government-owned forest lands to exploitation by private interests has been put squarely up to the US Forest Service by one of Kentucky's biggest coal and lumber operators. Robert L. Stearns Jr., who has his eye on rich coal deposits in the Cumberland National Forest, has asked for permission—and thinks he'll get it—to strip-mine wooded ridges in the forests that give watershed protection to the headwaters of the Cumberland River.

Local forestry officials would like to tell Stearns to go packing. They are convinced that approval of his request would have the effect of opening up all national forest lands—175 million acres or thereabouts—to ruinous exploitation. But they take orders from the Agriculture Department and Secretary Ezra Benson hasn't committed himself, nor, after 90 days of soul-searching, has the National Forest Service.

Stearns seems to think Benson will side with him. The strip-mining proposition, he says, is a "good business proposition" and that's the kind of proposal, he says, that Washington wants to hear these days. He has built his case on the premise that the government's surface rights in national forests are inferior to private mineral rights. In 1937, Stearns cut the last saleable tree off a 47,000-acre tract of land in Southeastern Kentucky. Then he sold the land to the government for inclusion in Cumberland National Forest created, like all national forests, with two objectives—to conserve timber resources and to protect streams and rivers from the silt pouring off hillsides and from ridges left bare by lumbering operations and fires. But Stearns retained the mineral rights on the land. And for several years he has carried on deep-mining operations in the area. The Forest Service had no objections to this kind of mining because it was not incompatible with either of its objectives.

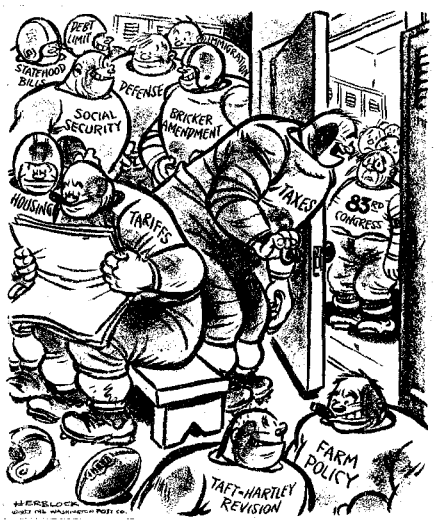
Lately, however, Stearns claims he cannot compete with companies that get their coal by strip-mining. So on August 13 he went to the Forest Service with his proposal to take out 6 million tons of coal by strip-mining—worth about $36 million at the mine. The forestry representatives said they couldn't agree to strip-mining, the abomination of all abominations to conservationists. It would mean, they said, the sacrifice of all government surface rights and conservation objectives.

Strip-mining on the ridges would involve, literally, tearing off the ridgetops, and cutting 60-foot gashes in the ridgesides. Huge rocks, and untold tons of topsoil would be hurled willy-nilly down the ridgesides, destroying thousands of young trees grown since Stearns abandoned the cut-over land to the government 16 years ago. The land could never be restored. It would be a permanent source of a great outpouring of silt into the Cumberland River. Eventually, the silt would create serious problems at the multi-purpose Wolf Creek Dam a few miles downstream.

Stearns promptly offered to pay for the ruined timber—a figure of $10 an acre was mentioned—but he admitted there was nothing he could do for the watershed. He hinted later that if the Forest Service didn't go along with him, it would run into trouble in the future when it tried to buy new lands to add to Cumberland Forest.

After Stearns put his proposal in writing, Robert F. Collins, supervisor of Cumberland National Forest, spoke out. He told the Kentucky Conservation Council that no public lands would be safe if Stearns' proposal were upheld. He charged that the proposal is part of an effort by strip-miners nationally to establish a precedent opening up forest lands for exploitation.

But Collins' superiors in Washington still haven't made up their minds. If they refuse Stearns, he may go to the Supreme Court. If they rule in his favor, Kentucky conservationists *will* go to the Court.



Any time you guys are ready for the second half

"Easing" Prosperity

DESPITE the staunch optimism emanating from the 3,000 delegates at the National Association of Manufacturers' annual convention, our major banks and finance companies, and one of our biggest unions, the United Auto Workers, CIO, are worried about the economic prospects for 1954.

At the NAM meeting, top manufacturing executives overwhelmingly predicted no decline worth mentioning in production and sales during the coming year. Only a few would admit the possibility of a slight drop—"easing"—to the order of 10 or 15 percent; "not serious," they insisted. The "definite feeling of pessimism" which existed three months ago is "evaporating now," according to one St. Paul industrialist.

But as the NAM delegates were packing their bags, the *Wall Street Journal* announced that banks and finance companies were contemplating the relaxation of consumer installment credit terms as a "hypo for 1954 retail sales." Any such relaxation, no matter how slight, would be a major change in the credit policies of these companies. For just about a year ago, they began tightening up—raising interest charges to borrow-

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ers. They would hardly switch that policy so soon unless they thought they foresaw a definite drop in consumer buying power.

Statistics just released by the CIO United Auto Workers and the US department of Commerce would seem to confirm the bankers' apprehension rather than the optimism of the Manufacturers.

Despite the normal annual increase in the working population, there are 300,000 fewer people employed this year. A survey of 881 UAW locals, covering 1,578 plants, shows that employment in the automobile, agricultural implements, aircraft and supplier industries is down by a quarter of a million. Of the workers laid off, 127,396 were seniority employees.

The UAW believes that plentiful job opportunities this year would have resulted in a 700,000 increase, rather than a 300,000 decrease, in the labor force. And that to the 1.4 million officially reported as unemployed must be added another million who would be working or looking for work if the job situation were better. "The economy," says CIO President Walter Reuther, "is not expanding at a sufficiently rapid rate to provide jobs for the normal additions to the labor force."

In short, despite the NAM's determined optimism, wholesale sales this year have declined by $700 million, unemployment is increasing, and purchasing power has been affected enough to make the bankers reverse the tight credit policies in force a few months ago.

Now Everyone Will Know

ANOTHER attempt to do administratively what once was blocked as legislation has been frustrated by the Supreme Court. And soon it will be Congress' turn again to speak its will on regulation of the natural gas industry.

The last time Congress had this opportunity, it chose to weaken gas-price regulation by passing the Kerr Gas Bill. Harry Truman vetoed that bill, but the Federal Power Commission virtually made it law by adopting its interpretation of the Natural Gas Act of 1938. For example, in the case of the Phillips Petroleum Company, the FPC ruled, in effect, that "this gas company is obviously not a gas company since it sells gas into interstate commerce only after producing and gathering it. Since Phillips does not sell at the well-head, we have no authority to fix its rates." Phillips agreed and boosted prices.

The gas-buying Midwesterners, unable to grasp the relevance of this fine distinction, recognized echoes of the Kerr Bill, and realized that millions of their dollars were involved. So Midwestern cities, counties and states turned to the Court of Appeals—which ruled that the FPC has and must exercise the authority to fix rates for interstate sales by companies that produce and gather gas. The gas-producing states—Texas, New Mexico and Kerr's Oklahoma—appealed that decision to the Supreme Court, but it refused to review.

Now the oil-gas interests are forced to turn once more to Congress. They do not find the prospect discouraging: Congress co-operated handsomely on tidelands ownership; the Kerr Bill was passed by both houses once before, and this time the man in the White House can be counted on to listen to the right people. Of course, the publicity attendant upon getting this sort of bill through Congress is regrettable from the industry's view. Still, it obviously cannot be helped.

A bill to undo the mischief done by the Supreme Court was recently outlined by H. H. Baker, president of Humble Oil—a subsidiary of Standard Oil of New Jersey and one of the handful of oil companies that control the bulk of our natural gas reserves. Baker spelled out the industry's claim to the privilege of charging its 40 million customers whatever it pleases without interference from federal bureaucrats. Chairman Jerome K. Kuykendall of the FPC, for his part, has reassured the industry that there will be no "harassment" from his agency.

The GOP Committed

WITHIN the chambers of the Supreme Court, the Constitutionality of racial segregation in public schools is being argued in legal terms. Outside of those chambers, attention is also focusing on the political aspects of the argument, for Attorney General Herbert Brownell has committed the Administration by submitting a brief which asserts that the Court has ample constitutional power, under the Fourteenth Amendment, to outlaw such segregation.

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By this action, it is believed the Republicans have lost the advantage they exploited so well in 1952. Then, with no record to hamper them, Republican candidates talked one way in the North and another in the South. The theme trumpeted throughout the Southland by the GOP was "states' rights." And its effectiveness was evidenced when Eisenhower polled his biggest Southern votes in the states that had gone Dixiecrat in 1948. Eisenhower was strongest in counties with large—and non-voting—Negro populations, weakest in predominantly white counties. Since politics in these states is fundamentally tied to the racial problem, Eisenhower's showing seems to have depended upon his success in convincing people there that they would be free, under the Republicans, to deal with the problem without interference from Washington.

Now that Eisenhower's Administration has had to act in terms of national interest, the Dixiecrats will have to choose a party affiliation on other than racial-policy terms.

The Arab-Israeli Impasse

IT HAS long been argued that peaceful co-existence in the Middle East between Israel and her neighbors could only be achieved by raising living standards of Jews and Arabs alike. Accordingly, United Nations experts have explored methods of exploiting existing water resources for the benefit of a broad area. All such plans, however, have foundered on the rock of Arab insistence that Israel take back a large number of the 900,000 Arab refugees and Israel's persistent refusal to do so.

Now the United States, which has shouldered the main burden of Palestine refugee relief, has made it clear that it will *not* continue to do so indefinitely, but that it *is* prepared to finance programs that would provide a permanent solution by locating the majority of DP's in areas which would be made arable.

Carrying this "new approach," Eric Johnston was recently dispatched to the Middle East to win support mainly for two objectives: (a) A Jordan Valley Authority which would bring irrigation and power to parts of the Syrian and Jordanian desert in which up to 200,000 refugees could be settled and given a means of livelihood; and, (b) irrigation of the Sinai peninsula by water from the Nile—providing fertile land for 60,000 to 100,000 Arabs from Palestine now rotting in the Gaza region.

These two schemes, to cost the US an estimated minimum of $120 million, could not solve the entire refugee problem. Additional projects are under consideration, all based on the idea that the bulk of the refugees will remain for generations to come in the lands where they now are.

But October, 1953, was an awkward moment for talking with Arab governments about long-range solutions to the Arab-Israeli impasse. No Arab leader today dares to say publicly that he favors any program except revenge, any solution other than strangulation of Israel by economic, diplomatic and, if need be, military pressure.

For the Israelis also, the TVA-on-the Jordan proposal appears menacing. Israeli engineers insist that if the Jordan Valley Authority were to be created, it would make it impossible for Israel to carry out its own plans for irrigation of the Negev, under which plans water-storage facilities west of the Sea of Galilee would be constructed. The Negev would remain an arid desert, and since the Negev is the only sizable region not yet settled, Israelis contend that a JVA would mean the levelling of Arab and Israeli economies not by raising the former but by lowering the latter.

Engineers who drafted the Jordan Valley project confirm the Israeli analysis to some degree. They admit their plan is designed primarily to profit Arab states (especially Jordan and Syria), and that they were not requested to take into account long-range effects on the Israeli economy.

It is difficult to conceive a plan whereby Arabs and Jews would benefit equally from the development of the Jordan waters. This being so, political considerations come into play.

Mr. Dulles retufned from the Middle East with the firm personal conviction that the Arabs have valid grievances against the West.

Mr. Dulles has also expressed strong moral misgivings about the Israeli attitude toward the refugee problem. He said that Israel "will have to" take some of these impoverished exiles back, though he admits that such an arrangement is impracticable for the majority of the refugees.

But the main factors responsible for the new American approach to Arab-Israeli tension are:

1. Britain, more than the United States, has urgent and immediate incentives for cultivating Arab goodwill. It was Britain, more than the United States, which wanted a full debate in the UN Security Council on the Palestinian problem. Ties between the U. K. and Jordan are well known. Beyond that, London is now engaged in important negotiations with Egypt, is trying desperately to recover lost ground and investments in Moslem Iran. This goodwill might be particularly useful in Jordan where, it is reported, Britain intends to install at least part of its garrison from the Suez Canal once agreement with Egypt is reached.

2. Since Britain and the United States are, wisely or not, committed to the French colonial position in Tunisia and Morocco, the two governments find it to their advantage to ease Arab antagonism this stand arouses by supporting in part Arab demands on Israel.

The tension which has developed and erupted into tragic violence in the past few months reflects a deep belief by both sides that "survival" itself is at stake. Israeli extremists argue that now is not the time to sit back and permit Western powers to exchange Israeli interests for Arab friendship.

The Arab governments, representing largely feudal societies in which the masses are incredibly poor, still see in Israel and its promise of higher living standards a threat of possible social convulsions. PETER J. ALLEN

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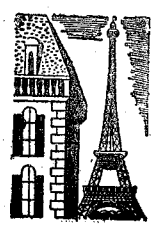
Paris Dispatch: CYNICISM OR DOUBLE-THINK

What Western Europeans has Secretary Dulles consulted to reach the conclusion—which he has stated publicly—that the conduct of the White affair has had no effect—and is likely to have none—on the relations between the US and other countries? What newspapers has he read or had read for him?

It is hard—on this side of the Atlantic—to believe that the Secretary has really taken the trouble to check the facts. Otherwise there might be the suspicion that the distinguished gentleman responsible for the conduct of US foreign relations may have carried what he considers the requirements of political diplomacy at home well into the realm of dishonesty, or at least double-talk, abroad. That would be adopting—with a vengeance—the ancient cynicism of European diplomacy that the ambassador's prime function is to *dementir et mentir*—deny and lie. And quite unthinkable of course for a self-professed moralist who in his crusade invokes Divine guidance almost as often as did the late Ramsay MacDonald.

In a few cases, newspapers over here strongly approve what has happened and is happening in the US Government. There is, for example, the case of *Arriba* which speaks for some of the friends which the Eisenhower Administration has found or made in Spain, including *falangista* Fascists who were of course bitter enemies of the Roosevelt and Truman Administrations. Or there is the *Rheinsicher Merkur*, one of West Germany's most powerful periodicals which speaks, with the blessing of the Archbishop of Mainz, for the big businessmen of the Ruhr and Rhineland. It says, in direct comment on the White case, that: "If not for McCarthy, the disintegration through espionage and sabotage of the government machinery of the dominant power of the free world doubtlessly would already have assumed truly catastrophic proportions. It is America's good fortune to have a McCarthy."



Such voices are however in the minority. There are few neutrals; and a large and strong majority are shocked and frightened by the spread of McCarthyism. Leaving aside the French, *all* the French, not only the Communists, the neutralists and those whom the Germans are now calling "resistantialists," but also the "good" French as prejudiced or at least non-objective witnesses, the chorus of misgiving rises everywhere from Sweden to Switzerland, and from Belfast to Belgrade. In the small countries it includes for example *La Libre Belgique*, a leading Belgian Catholic newspaper, and the *Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant* and *Algemeen Handelsblad* of Holland.

Two of the many British comments are (we think) worth quoting at some length because they contrast so strikingly with the opinion of Secretary Dulles. One is from the staunchly Tory, pro-US *London Sunday Times*, which draws a parallel between McCarthy and the Titus Oates of the so-called Popish Plot under the later Stuart kings. It writes:

> The Republican Party organization stands ready to be engulfed in the waters of squalid persecution-mania. If anyone says that the affair is domestic to America and therefore not our concern, the answer is that it is most important that the United States—the leading country and indispensable head of the great Western alliance—should be liked, respected and trusted by the rest. Till Senator McCarthy and his practices rose above the horizon, this condition was satisfied. It is now much less so. Nobody can feel full confidence in a country in which McCarthyism is allowed to run riot. This is true not only of Great Britain but of the continent. Something like a wave of anti-American feeling has been generated there. The disapproval is most marked among America's best friends. There is one man in America who could stop the rot, if he tried—President Eisenhower. But so far he scarcely seems to be trying.

The second British comment is from the *Manchester Guardian* which devotes at all times more space—and more acute intelligence—to a sympathetic and friendly understanding of the US and its people than any other newspaper on this side of the Atlantic. It is significant, therefore, that it should say, with cruel irony, that the White affair "has set the world a fine example of the American way of doing things." After using such words as "squalid, depressing and distasteful," it goes on:

> What can the outside world think if the Republican Party decides to campaign for the next 12 months against "Acheson and Stalin"? If the Republican Party management—the management of the majority party in the United States—rates American intelligence so low, then others outside the United States cannot be blamed for accepting its estimate. The damage will be done not only to the sound management of America's internal affairs but also to America's position in the leadership of the free world. It stands pre-eminent today not so much because of its material wealth as because of its liberal traditions.

It can be argued—at least by some officials of the Republican Party and some of its strongest supporters in the press—that the opinion of the US entertained abroad doesn't matter. It can also be maintained—through a tricky misuse of the evidence—that most foreigners, or the foreigners who count, or the foreigners we would like to have count, like or approve or accept our policy abroad or our conduct at home. With somewhat more courage and realism, it can be argued that the evidences of creeping, if not flowing McCarthyism, at home are misunderstood or exaggerated abroad.

But under no circumstances can it be either argued or maintained that the conduct of the White affair has had no effect—and is likely to have none—on our relations with other countries and peoples. To try to do it is to try to build an iron curtain of ignorantism between the American people and their friends in Western Europe.

Fortunately Adlai Stevenson—and dozens of other honest, patriotic Americans (even including Republicans) who understand the nature and requirements of our place in the world—have voices heard, understood and respected in Europe; and the courage to use them.

Paris FRANK GORRELL

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A JOURNAL OF OPINION New Republic

Editorial: Two Cheers for Mr. Dulles

FOR TEN months the United States has drifted towards a Constitutional crisis, brought about, as Walter Lippmann argues, by "the abdication of the powers of the executive" and "the usurpations of Congress."

These usurpations have been directed against the Executive's power to protect the nation's security and to conduct its foreign affairs. Yet, because the immediate targets were Democrats, the Administration was passive, and the Attorney General actually joined in the attack. It seems strange that praise should be owed to an American simply for accepting the responsibilities of his office. But the rule has become the exception. And, since we have protested our shock at the duplicity of the Attorney General, we affirm now our pride in the stand taken by the Secretary of State.

For months the career diplomats and conservatives sent overseas to represent President Eisenhower have reported with increasing alarm the impact of McCarthyism abroad. They have told how the warmest friends of the US have fallen silent as the image has grown of a President unable to shake himself loose from McCarthy's grip.

Asia's reaction, as Justice Douglas has asserted, has been immense and profound. For the attitudes of "softness" to Communism that McCarthy seeks to eradicate in America are the governing attitudes in Asia. Justice Douglas concludes:

> Though our basic values are the same, there is no real intellectual nexus between us. At the present rate the oncoming generation in Asia, and the oncoming generation in the West will be further apart than their fathers and mothers presently are.

In Europe, where we seek not sympathy but solidarity, the threat is far more grave. Polls taken in Europe, and reported by General Thomas Phillips, military analyst of the *St. Louis Post Dispatch*, confirm that while France has little faith in Germany, Belgium less in Italy, and Britain next to none in Spain, "the United States is trusted by eighty percent of Europeans as an ally." General Phillips reports the conclusion drawn by the leaders of NATO:

> Faith in the United States as an ally is the only cement that will make the European army and the continuance and strengthening of NATO possible.

That faith was maintained when Harry Truman upheld the Executive power. It has been sapped, under President Eisenhower, to the point where Mario Einaudi, son of the President of Italy, warns us:

> A surrender by the executive of what are its functions, or an invasion by the legislative of fields that are not its own, will, if carried too far, have intolerable consequences. We have reached the point where our love of freedom, our common sense, our profoundly democratic and law abiding system of government, are no longer accepted without challenge by the world as the inherent characteristics of the United States.

Now, to this general challenge, McCarthy has added his specific demand that the United States cut off every penny of aid to our allies unless they in turn cut off every penny of trade with China that he deems to be strategic.

This demand as Secretary Dulles notes "attacks the very heart of United States foreign policy." The reports on his desk left Mr. Dulles no honorable alternative and he sought none in reply:

> We do not want weak or subservient allies. Our friends and allies are dependable just because they are unwilling to be anyone's satellites. . . . To maintain a co-operation of the free is a difficult and delicate process. Without mutual respect and friendship it would be impossible. We do not propose to throw away those precious assets by blustering and domineering methods.

The President cannot afford to cut down Mr. Dulles as he cut down Mr. Stassen when McCarthy counter-attacked. The stakes can be judged by the single example of France. That nation, weakened and divided, faces one test in the national election of December 17. It faces a second harder test in the coming Big Four meeting. It faces a third, all important test in the ratification of the EDC. If France fails, the structure of European defense may fall apart. McCarthy may be indifferent to the outcome in his sham battle with the Kremlin; the Kremlin is not. Soviet pressure, once aimed at Germany, is now directed largely to France. Its central objective is to destroy the Western coalition and to restore the bilateral relationships between Russia and the separate nations of Europe which the Kremlin inevitably will shape. We lead the coalition. So the question for all Frenchmen becomes: *Should our faith in America outweigh our fear of Germany and Russia?* Mr. Dulles tells them *yes*, McCarthy: *no*. For his own good and the nation's safety the President must ignore the political fixers who, against his better instinct, induce him to whisper *well, maybe*.

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Nazis In the Near East

Wehrmacht Generals have new commands; Dr. Voss provides the needed armaments

by **Ray Alan**

THE AVERAGE Western European, with his memories of Coventry, Dachau and Oradour, still finds it difficult to accept the fact that some people actually *like* Germans; and the discovery that in almost every Near Eastern state important sections of articulate opinion would rather do business with Germans than with Britons, Frenchmen or Americans, and prefer, if they must have foreigners train their troops, to employ Wehrmacht officers, is to most visiting Western officials and businessmen as disconcerting as a direct insult.

In the Near East nothing succeeds like excess. Nazi propaganda succeeded in convincing a vast body of Arab, Levantine and Persian nationalists that Germany was their natural ally against Western imperialism. To communities raised on messianic legends of the leaders and saints who have vanished from time to time in the course of Near Eastern history, bequeathing the belief that they would return one day to wipe out their enemies and open the gates of Paradise to the Faithful, Hitler's mysterious end was eloquent. He and Bormann have been "seen" more than once in the Moslem world since the fall of Berlin; and the conviction (or hope) persists, even in some quite sophisticated circles, that under their inspiration Germany will rise again to settle her scores with Britain, America and, of course, the Jews.

Individual German businessmen and officers in the Near East see no point in discrediting this myth when they meet it—it is balm for their wounded national pride and a unique business asset—though the businessmen, having to deal with harder-headed prospects than Goebbel's propagandists, prefer to rely on the early completion dates and generous credit terms with which, thanks to effective government support in Bonn, they are already making sizable inroads into markets long dominated by Britain; and the officers, if in need of a testimonial, can point to what they interpret loudly as Washington's infatuated desire to possess a revived German Army—even at the cost of alienating British Labour opinion and of evoking in France a sigh of relief for the existence of the Franco-Soviet pact.

The first members of Hitler's defeated forces to find employment in the Near East were escapees from British internment camps in the Suez Canal Zone. Some were hired by the Transjordan Arab Legion (financed at the time by a British Labour Government which had a Jewish Defense Minister!) for intelligence work in Haifa, Tel Aviv and Jerusalem, where they were able to pose as German-Jewish immigrants; others joined the Arab guerrilla bands which gathered round the frontiers of Palestine during the last six months of the British mandate. Israel's defeat of the Arab League closed this avenue of opportunity, but the idea of employing Germans to train both regular forces and guerrilla fighters for future use against Britain and Israel had taken root in military, Moslem-Brotherhood and extreme-nationalist circles in Egypt, Syria and Iraq.

Naguib and his junta. Germans, who helped them seize power, now direct the Army, the Police and a budding arms industry, and are ready to provide German technicians for Suez.

To this day Britain's often-repeated (and, of course, justified) claim that the British Army saved Egypt from the horrors of a German occupation arouses nothing but contempt in Cairo. Far from wanting to be "saved," one is reminded, most Egyptian townsfolk were preparing to welcome Rommel as their liberator. Squadron-leader Hassan Ibrahim, a leading member of General Naguib's Revolutionary Council, revealed recently that in 1942 he and other officers sent Egyptian air force planes to Rommel's army at el-Alamein carrying couriers and documents detailing British military movements. The Wafdist government's decision, early in 1951, to recruit a German mission to replace the British officers who had tradi-

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tionally been responsible for training Egypt's Army and police, was therefore a popular one.

Formation of the mission was entrusted to General Fahrnbacher. An authority on tank warfare, General Munzel, was nominated as his assistant. Organization and training of the Cairo police—once the pride of the legendary Russell Pasha who in the thirties saved the Egyptian nation from doping itself into extinction—were entrusted to a one-time SS officer named Tiefenbacher. Otto Skorzeny, the SS man Hitler dispatched to rescue Mussolini after the surrender of Italy in 1944, was taken onto an Egyptian "special service" payroll.

German naval captains Baron von Bechtolsheim and Sprecher found themselves in virtual control of Britain's former naval base at Alexandria. With them went naval back-room boy Erich Marthold, assigned (according to a prominent ex-Wafdist informant) to the planning of minefields to protect the approaches to Alexandria and Port Said and to block those of Haifa and Tel Aviv. These minefields would be laid—the last two by air—as appropriate in the event of fresh hostilities with Israel or an all-out clash with Britain and would effectively close the Suez Canal to the ships of all nations refusing to accept Egypt's conditions on such matters as trade with Israel and the transport of supplies to the British garrison.

Germans skilled in parachute training and sabotage instruction set about preparing picked Egyptian units for the task of "making the life of the British Occupation Army unendurable"— to quote an official Cairo statement. For a time it was a German officer who kept the "enemy" (*i.e.*, British) order of battle at Egyptian GHQ. An intimate of Major Salah Salem, presently Minister of National Guidance, told me last spring that "quite a few" of Egypt's Germans were looking forward with relish to the prospect of helping launch against the British Army the same kind of "underground" campaign as they suffered at the hands of Britain's European allies during the recent war.

Since then, however, as the result of a personal representation to Dr. Adenauer by Sir Winston Churchill last May, a senior official of the Bonn Foreign Office has visited Cairo and informed the German officers there that—although the federal government has no legal authority to forbid them to train Egyptian guerrilla fighters —they would be wise, if they wish Dr. Blank's Defense Ministry to reserve a niche for them in the Wehrmacht of the future, to avoid any course of action which might give Whitehall grounds for protest. This intervention caused some annoyance in Cairo, among the younger Germans as well as in Egyptian Government circles, but there is every indication that it is being heeded.

More important to Germany than the activities of her military and naval officers in Egypt are the achievements of a parallel team of technicians and economists headed by Dr. Voss, a former managing director of the Hermann Goering works and wartime supervisor of Skoda. The Voss mission was originally called in to help the Wafdist government make Egypt at least as self-sufficient as Israel in the manufacture of small arms and ammunition and expand production of spare parts for aircraft, tanks and artillery so as to render the country progressively less dependent on British supplies. It was also asked to draw up a plan for operating the $800 million British ordnance depot at Tel el-Kebir in the event of a British withdrawal. Early in 1953 it recruited back home in Germany a skeleton "managerial" team ready to fly out to Egypt at short notice and take over Tel el-Kebir—hence the Cairo junta's confident refusal, in this year's installment of the Anglo-Egyptian bazaar-opera, to allow British technicians to remain in the Canal Zone on any other than its own terms.

Dr. Voss and his staff naturally maintain close contact with the German Chamber of Commerce in Cairo and the roving ambassadors of the Ruhr. Ably seconded by Baron von Hirder, representing the makers of the famous Bofors guns, they have played most skillfully on the desire of the Egyptian military chiefs for a domestic arms industry much larger than that envisaged by the Wafdist leaders. The junta has been promised that by 1956, the year the Anglo-Egyptian treaty expires, Egypt's entire forces can be armed and equipped exclusively from domestic and German factories, with not so much as a bootlace coming from Britain. According to Wing-Commander Abd el-Latif el-Boghdadi, contracts have already been given German firms for equipment and constructional work that will permit Egypt not only to meet her own military needs but to export arms and ammunition by 1956. Light piston-driven trainer aircraft are already being part-built and assembled in Egypt on an experimental basis; by 1957, says Wing-Commander el-Boghdadi, an Egyptian factory will be turning out German-designed jet-fighters.

Two major obstacles in Egypt's path are lack of cash and lack of steel, but German experts are already smoothing both out of the way. Long-term credits, on a scale no British or American firm would normally even consider extending, are being offered by a few "approved" German enterprises—prominent among them, Krupps—enjoying official support in Bonn: they amount, in fact, to informal loans from the West German Treasury to Egypt (and other Near Eastern states doing business with Germany) without the red tape and diplomatic camel trading inseparable from normal loan transactions between governments. And the steel problem is to be overcome by construction of a steel plant beside the Nile at Helwan, on the southern outskirts of Cairo. Plans for this, as for a big Nile barrage and hydroelectric scheme at Asswan, have been drawn up by German technicians; and—although, up to the moment of writing, no official announcement has been made—official Cairo circles do not deny that the lion's share of the contracts for these projects is earmarked for Krupps.

German activities in other Near Eastern states follow, as nearly as possible, a similar pattern. In Syria, where Colonel Adib Shishakli claims to be trying to create a

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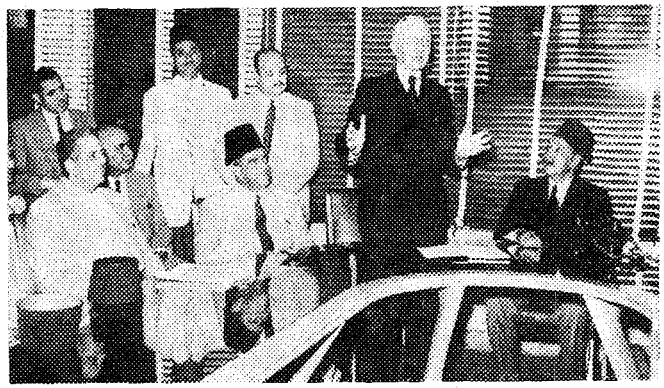


Dr. Hjalmar Schact, Hitler's financial expert, gives advice to the Egyptian Chamber of Commerce

"presidential form of democracy on the American model," individual American businessmen and tourists are shadowed as continuously as the inefficiency of the ubiquitious Sûreté (security police) allows. No such discourtesy is inflicted on visiting Germans. The presence of a hundred-odd former officers and noncoms of Hitler's Wehrmacht—recruited, in emulation of Egypt's example, to succeed the French and British training teams that have from time to time tried to make something of the Syrian Army—has paved the way for a fascinating relay of bankers, technicians, oil-prospectors and businessmen. An assiduous contact-man has been Dr. Schacht, who apparently found Shishakli's Syria an easier nut to crack than Farouk's Egypt, which he visited prematurely before the Wafd got into its stride. Syria's junta, like Egypt's, wants its own arms industry and hydroelectric scheme (the much-discussed Yusef Pasha barrage on the Euphrates) but, more narrowly nationalistic than Naguib's team, is anxious to limit German financial participation in these projects to 45 percent and is having difficulty raising native capital to cover the remainder. Krupps has a finger in a plan for an oil refinery on the Syrian coast near Tartous.

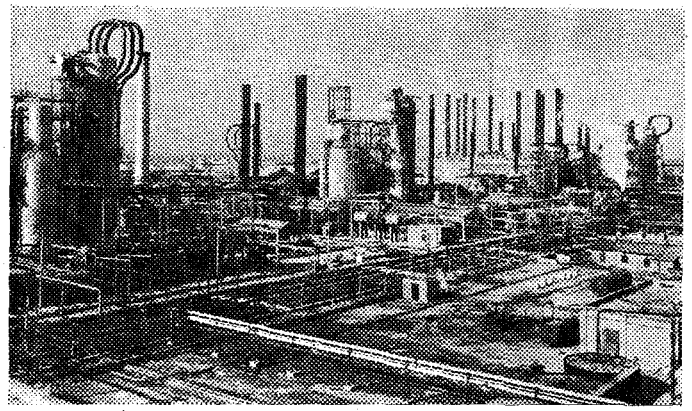
West German firms are making arrangements to prospect for oil in Syria and Yemen. In the latter state, where their concession is for 20 years but will lapse after five if no oil is found, the Germans have agreed to hand the Imam 75 percent of all profits—an arrangement that could spell trouble for British and American oil concerns in the Near East.

Also in Yemen, still forbidden territory to the uninvited traveler, German firms are building and equipping a cement works, a textile factory and a tannery, and have been given contracts for salt-mining, quarrying and road-building. Yemenite sources in Cairo say the Imam is considering hiring four or five German officers to lick his barefooted army into shape so as to strengthen his hand in his periodic frontier disputes with the British administration at Aden.

For the Turkish Government, Krupps is to span the Bosporus—linking European and Asian Turkey for the first time in history—with a $70 million suspension bridge, nearly a mile long, designed by a German architect. Greece has given the Ruhr an order for an important nickel-processing plant. Saudi-Arabia is purchasing telecommunications equipment. Even in Iraq, where British influence can still make itself felt, German firms have obtained contracts for bridging the Tigris and building an important dam and flood-control works. Iran's military "strong man" General Zahedi, once arrested by the British for pro-Nazi activities, is known to be ready to invite German oil interests to take over the management of Abadan and the oilfields that feed it if Britain and America are unco-operative.

British officials in the Near East are quite frank about their concern over Western Germany's extraordinary resurgence—not that, they hasten to add, they are thinking exclusively in terms of markets, galling as it is to see India and Pakistan, as well as Near Eastern territories Britain has nursed for a generation, take German firms and technicians to their bosoms in increasing numbers (the Air India Company is now running a regular service from Germany to the Near East and India for the convenience of German technicians, businessmen and others and their families). There are other problems. "The fact that the Persians have toyed with the idea of bypassing Anglo-Iranian and reopening Abadan with German help," one British official said, "has not escaped attention in Iraq—where there is a constant clamor for expropriation of the IPC and a strong tradition of pro-German feeling in nationalist circles. [The British-managed Iraq Petroleum Company, some 40 percent of whose shares are owned by British nationals and the remainder by American, French and Dutch interests.] At the moment we have bases in Iraq and sufficient influence in Bonn to forestall any rashness there; but in, say, three years' time, with the Anglo-Iraqi treaty expired, our bases gone, and German big business that much bolder and more self-confident, anything could happen." The links unearthed by the British security authorities between the neo-Nazis they arrested last winter and some of the German enterprises most keenly interested in the Near East are felt to bode particularly ill for future Anglo-German relations in the area.

Some British circles fear that Washington is tending to take an exaggerated view of German "dynamism"



The Abadan refinery processes 3 million gallons of crude oil a da

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and overlooking the key to Germany's admittedly impressive *redressement*—her blissful freedom from the burdens of rearmament and conscription (and such supplementary loads as Indo-China, Malaya, Kenya and the Suez Canal Zone) which weigh so heavily on the precarious economies of Britain and France: one of Whitehall's most cogent reasons for favoring West German rearmament is, in fact, that it will strip the Ruhr of this "unfair advantage" and weaken Bonn's ability to offer reckless long-term credits. There is also apprehension lest Washington decide (with what would be irreproachable Lewis Carroll logic) that "non-imperialist" Germany would be a more attractive standard-bearer of anti-Communism in Arab and Persian eyes than Britain—and plunge for building up Germany in the Near East, at Britain's expense.

Unfortunately, Germany is already regarded in the Near East as a standard-bearer of quite a different kind. The enslavement of France, the bombing of London, the massacre of European Jewry and Hitler's contempt even for the seductive dollar have given all Germans, in the eyes of Arab and Persian nationalists, the sort of halo that is difficult to shake off. It is not always the fault of individual members of the small German communities in the Near East that they tend to attract the most undesirable local elements—totalitarian-minded, viciously anti-Western groups which often follow the Communist line without knowing it—but in Syria, for instance, the conversation of some of the younger German military advisers has helped these elements build up a considerable following in the army. Egypt's Germans have acted as a leaven of a different kind. While the British Embassy was assuring London of the Egyptian Army's fanatical devotion to its king, a small group of General Munzel's associates was advising the inner circle of the Cairo officers' club on how to go about getting rid of Farouk. Some British and French observers credit either Tiefenbacher or one of his former SS colleagues with a hand in the organization of Cairo's "Black Saturday"—the Reichstag-fire type outrage (for which Arab-League circles blame the British "Intelligence Service") which obtained the dismissal of the Wafd and opened the door to General Naguib's coup six months later.

There is yet another complication. On my last trip to Benghazi I asked a senior Libyan Government official how many Communists he thought there were in the town. He replied: "Only those you people imported!" Immediately after the war the Italian settlers in Cyrenaica were all expelled; and as the local Arabs were for the most part illiterate and able to perform only the simplest manual tasks the British military administration hit upon the idea of allowing certain categories of German prisoners of war and technicians and their families to settle there to provide a pool of skilled labor for essential services and military installations. They had been there for sometime before anyone noticed their addiction to Communist broadcasts in German.

Western authorities in Syria state categorically that there is a Communist element in the German military mission there. The "reliability" from the West's point of view of the Germans in Egypt and elsewhere is anybody's guess. It is important to remember, however, in any discussion of this type, that—as postwar experience in Europe and the Near East has clearly shown—former Nazi and Fascist sympathizers take to collaboration with the Communists far more readily, on the whole, than lifelong democrats, whether conservative, liberal or socialist.

A Modest Proposal on Dishonesty

How businessmen may be made as honest as government employees are loyal

by Arthur E. Bestor Jr.

MANY MEN and women, both liberal and conservative, have thoughtlessly criticized current loyalty procedures and investigations. They have magnified the occasional injustices that have occurred, and have minimized the vast increase in loyalty that has obviously resulted. Worst of all, critics have failed to recognize that loyalty programs offer a new approach to many age-old problems. These novel procedures, developing under our very eyes, open up tremendous possibilities for fostering many other virtues which, like loyalty, are essential to a sound national life.

Honesty is certainly one of the most important of these. No one approves of dishonesty except the dishonest. No one can think the nation safe if it is honeycombed with dishonesty. Yet it is obvious to any realistic observer that we have not succeeded in rooting out the last vestiges of dishonesty in America. There are statutes, it is true, which punish specific acts of dishonesty, but these leave large loopholes, and many of the laws, alas, are imperfectly enforced. If we are to become a thoroughly honest nation we must embark upon a comprehensive, positive, forward-looking honesty program,

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which will cut through the red tape that has hampered us in attaining this ideal in the past. The purpose of the present article is to show that the new loyalty programs furnish the needed pattern for a constructive effort at fostering absolute honesty throughout the nation.

Heretofore we have relied upon a negative approach to this problem. We have tried to promote honesty by catching and punishing those guilty of dishonesty. We have failed to do anything about those who were potentially dishonest, and we have waited until the damage was done before taking action against it. This, of course, is locking the barn door after the horse is stolen. We need to borrow from the loyalty program the positive approach which is so effectively used, and to insist that men prove their honesty before being allowed to engage in activities where there are temptations to dishonesty.

BUSINESS is obviously one of the activities where temptations to dishonesty are likeliest to occur. For this reason, and because business is a great national enterprise which we cannot allow to be undermined, I should like to show how the procedures of present-day loyalty programs can be easily and effectively applied in a program designed to insure complete honesty in the entire business life of the nation.

In simplest terms, the principle is to prevent anyone who is dishonest or who is suspected of dishonesty from engaging in business. The principle is self-evidently sound, for dishonest men clearly have no right to engage in business, where they are in a position to cheat honest men. Should a few honest businessmen be temporarily injured, their love of honesty will enable them to endure the hardship for the sake of the great and in view. Moreover, by making the penalties for dishonesty ruinous to those suspected of it, we will enhance the position of the honest businessman, thus adding material incentives to moral ones, as every wise law ought to do.

The last paragraph somewhat oversimplifies the matter. The proposed honesty program should not actually prevent a man whose honesty is questioned from attempting to carry on a business. We should take our cue from current loyalty programs, which have drawn a sound and sensible distinction. A government official or a teacher who is suspected of disloyalty is not denied the *right* to practice his profession on his own. He is simply denied the *privilege* of being employed by a public agency or one which enjoys tax exemption. In similar fashion, the businessman who is suspected of dishonesty should not be denied the right to engage in business. He should simply be deprived of the privilege of using any services that are provided at public expense. The use of the mails is an example of such a privilege. The post office department loses money, hence a person who uses the mails is a recipient of benefits from public funds. If we are to promote honesty we must see to it that these privileges are not extended to persons whose honesty is dubious. To deprive a man of rights is to punish him, but to deny him special privileges is not. A businessman who does not enjoy the privilege of sending or receiving letters and orders is handicapped, of course, but he still has the right to use private messengers, just as the teacher who is barred from employment in a school still has the right to teach private pupils.

There are, of course, many other privileges and public services—fire protection, use of public thoroughfares, and the like—which can properly be denied to those who are suspected of dishonesty. For the sake of simplicity, however, this discussion will confine itself to pointing out how denial of the mails could be utilized in an effective honesty program based on the precedents afforded by the frequently criticized loyalty program of today.

The first step is to require a prospective businessman to prove his honesty beyond reasonable doubt before extending to him the privilege of using the postal service. An admirable model for a law of this sort is to be found in one of the so-called Broyles Bills, introduced this year in the General Assembly of Illinois. The following draft employs (in italics) the language of that bill, adapted (by the words printed in roman type) to serve as a Federal Honesty Act:

> Every postmaster, *every person, and every board, commission, council, department, court or other agency of the* United States, *who or which supervises in any manner* the use of the mails, *shall establish by rules, regulations or otherwise, procedures designed to ascertain before any person,* firm or corporation is permitted to use said mails, *that he is not a* dishonest *person, and that there are no reasonable grounds to believe that such persons are* dishonest *persons. In the event such reasonable grounds exist, he shall not be* furnished postal service. *In securing any facts necessary to ascertain the information herein required, the applicant shall be required to sign a written affidavit containing answers to such inquiries as may be material.*

Such a measure as this will effectively prevent men from starting in business before being proved honest beyond reasonable doubt. The honesty of established business firms is sometimes called in question, hence there is need for honesty clearance procedures as well. A Federal Bureau of Honesty Investigations (FBHI) should be established to make confidential investigations of the honesty of businessmen or potential businessmen. It should receive and investigate all complaints of dishonest practices, and it ought to be in a position to assure customers and competitors of the firm under investigation that the source of any information they give will never be divulged. FBHI agents could be planted in the accounting departments of firms suspected of dishonest dealings. The "raw files" of the FBHI would eventually contain information about virtually every business concern in the country, and would furnish the means for a purification of business life far more thoroughgoing than any which could possibly be accomplished by using the cumbersome machinery of district attorneys, grand juries and formal judicial trials.

Honesty Boards, rather than courts, would take respon-

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sibility for screening businessmen whose integrity is called in question by legislators, investigating committees, competitors, or consumers' groups. Postal privileges would, of course, be suspended until the individual received clearance from the Honesty Board. Since a board's investigations would not be trials in the legal and constitutional sense, but merely administrative hearings connected with the postal service, the formalities of court procedure could be dispensed with. The accused businessman would not be confronted with witnesses, for this might dry up the sources of information on which the FBHI must rely. Wearisome cross-examinations would disappear, and the law's delays would become things of the past. The Honesty Board would weigh the anonymous allegations and the defense offered by the accused, and would give or refuse honesty clearance according to its best judgment, taking into account the public welfare. When cleared for honesty, the businessman would be permitted immediately to get in touch with his erstwhile customers. In particular he could request them to remit once more such orders and payments as might in the meantime have been returned to the senders by the post office. To protect the businessman's reputation, these would have been stamped with the completely non-prejudicial notation, "Temporarily undeliverable pending honesty clearance of addressee," instead of the standard "Undeliverable under provisions of the Federal Honesty Act."

An Honesty Oath would be the final part of the program. Every businessman, corporation executive, and member of a board of directors would swear that he is not dishonest, that he has never counselled dishonesty, and that he has never been connected with a concern that was dishonest. Refusal to take the oath would immediately debar the individual and his firm from use of the mails. This is at once the simplest and the most effective method of separating the honest from the dishonest and of preventing the latter from doing harm. It is true, of course, that dishonest businessmen might be tempted to take the oath in order to escape the penalty, but the information gathered by the FBHI would be available for use in perjury trials.

The simplicity of this Honesty Program is one of its strongest recommendations. The complex processes of modern business would no longer have to be studied by legislative and administrative bodies in order to single out practices that ought to be dealt with by detailed laws. The new measures would constitute a blanket prohibition of dishonesty. Legislatures should avoid giving too sharp a definition of dishonesty, for one of the beauties of the new procedure is that it can be applied to any kind of dishonesty, including activities which had not previously been considered dishonest and which had thus escaped punishment.

The use of expeditious procedures like these will end the costly and time-consuming process of gathering evidence sufficient to convince a court that a given individual has engaged in a specified dishonest activity. The Honesty Board will not concern itself with such details. It will go direct to the heart of the matter, passing judgment upon the characters and motives of men instead of merely upon their outward conduct. Its supreme responsibility is to protect the nation against dishonesty even before that evil tendency manifests itself in overt action.

From a practical point of view as well, the simplicity of such an honesty program promises much in the way of economy. It should halt the dread growth of bureaucracy. The FBHI will, of course, employ many investigators. But the agencies required by old-fashioned methods of enforcing honesty will wither away. Business itself will be relieved of a heavy burden of overhead, for it can discontinue the various complaint departments, credit bureaus, and better-business agencies that it now maintains. Under the new arrangements, complaints will normally go direct to the FBHI, which will have ample facilities for investigating them, and for bringing each matter promptly to the attention of the appropriate Honesty Board.

THE SUGGESTED honesty program abandons, in effect, the archaic presumption, inherited from the common law, that a man is to be deemed honest until he has been proved otherwise beyond reasonable doubt. This is a presumption which we have been forced to recognize as outmoded in the realm of loyalty. We must have the courage and the consistency to take the next step and recognize that the presumption of innocence is outmoded in the realm of honesty also, for it has patently stood in the way of wiping out dishonesty. The loyalty cases have taught us, after all, that it is not so terrible a thing to place the burden of proof upon the individual accused. In simple justice, is not this where it really belongs? A man is either dishonest or honest. If dishonest, he should certainly bear the expense of any fraudulent attempt to prove himself honest, for why should society tax itself to benefit the unworthy. If honest, should not a man be proud to vindicate, no matter what the cost, his claim to that high distinction? Honor is achieved through suffering and its value is enhanced thereby. The accolade of honest man is too precious a prize to be bestowed upon those who are unwilling to endure bitterness and contumely in order to win it.

An honesty program of the kind I have proposed could be carried through without the opposition that so often greets measures affecting business. Old-fashioned laws dealt with specific abuses, often so technical that few citizens could grasp their import. But everyone understands what honesty is, and no one will wish to be written down as an opponent of honesty. An honesty program, after all, can hurt only those who are dishonest. The public will be quick to realize that anyone who opposes the measure is a dishonest man. Honest citizens can be trusted to disregard the arguments of such a person. And the reign of absolute honesty, hitherto believed unattainable, will be ushered in almost overnight.

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Mr. Brownell's Other Tasks

CHIEF JUDGE George H. Moore of the United States District Court has found the Department of Justice anything but quick and eager to co-operate in the exposure of corruption and racketeering in St. Louis, Missouri. But by calling this reluctance to public attention, he gets action.

Thus Attorney General Brownell's department authorized the overloaded United States District Attorney, Harry Richards, to employ special assistants only after Sen. William Langer and Sen. Estes Kefauver showed immediate interest in Judge Moore's charge that two grand juries had been kept idle for months. He and the jury chairman had asked the Department of Justice "without success" for help in investigating conditions reported to be "worse than in any other place in the United States." Talk of a Senate Judiciary Committee hearing on the reluctance of the Department was followed quickly enough by word that Warren Olney II, head of its Criminal Division, would himself go to St. Louis.

The Justice Department's lack of interest is especially striking since in mid-May one of the grand juries brought in 15 indictments. Among those named were several notorious figures circulating in the half-world of rackets, shady politics and labor union extortion. One of these was Lawrence L. Callanan, a former convict and now boss of an AFL Steamfitters' union, who with his brother, former Sheriff Thomas F. Callanan, even made a brazen bid for control of the Democratic organization in St. Louis.

Before the indictments, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* had brought to light many activities of the Callanans and their associates. These included outrageous shakedown demands on big construction projects, collusion with contractors and suppliers, and forcing small contractors out of business. Callanan's union perquisites, it was shown, included not only a Cadillac but also 50 cents of a $1-a-day assessment on members for "union expenses." Even so, the grand jury said "the surface has only been scratched."

That is why Judge Moore kept these jurors on the job even after another grand jury was impaneled on July 28. The Judge, a Woodrow Wilson Democrat, believed this would save time and money since the jurors had acquired important knowledge in their area of investigation. But in view of the change in administrations, the two assistant prosecutors who had helped the jurors in their work felt that they should resign, and they were not replaced. Richards and the two FBI agents available have had their hands full preparing 15 cases for trial. So almost four of the six months this jury may be held passed without its members being convened even once. Their chairman seconded Judge Moore's indignant disappointment, appealing to Washington against the way their intensive work was being allowed to "fizzle out."

Meanwhile the Judge had given the second grand jury a heavy load of work. It was to investigate not only the connection of public officials with liquor and cigarette hijackings, but also the violation of civil service laws in the giving of jobs to "favored outsiders" without having them pass the required examinations, and the actual rewarding of officials who had hindered, delayed and obstructed investigations of the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

Still further, the grand jurors were to look into the excessive use of money in political campaigns and illegal campaign contributions, including those from "great industrialists who have dealings on a large scale with the federal government." And in connection with all of these matters, the jurors were to watch for evidences of perjury. But this second grand jury, too, has been virtually idle in the absence of prosecutors.

This, in rough, was what prompted Judge Moore to make known his disappointment in the lack of co-operation from Brownell's Department of Justice. But he reminded the jurors that they had great powers, and that neither indifference nor politics should allow the statute of limitations to run out.

Mr. Brownell and his associates ought to know that Judge Moore is in earnest. Since they have an inclination to dig into the "scandals" of the previous Administration, they remember Judge Moore's clash with former Attorney General Howard McGrath who also was slow to aid St. Louis grand jurors.

This affair developed in 1951 when a grand jury, after hearing an Assistant Attorney General from Washington, reported it could find no evidence of income-tax violations and other wrongdoing. Judge Moore told those jurors to take another look.

The grand jury's second look resulted in the prosecution and conviction of among others, former Internal Revenue Collector James P. Finnegan. Finnegan carried his case as far as the Supreme Court, but on November 13 he was ordered to begin a two-year sentence within 30 days. He also was fined $10,000.

Judge Moore never throws names around before they have been set forth in indictments. But when he smells smoke—and he has a keen nose for it—he wants to see the fire. And he expects the same eagerness in the Department of Justice.

St. Louis, Mo. ERNEST KIRSCHTEN

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LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

THE INDIAN SUMMER OF A STATESMAN

by Harold Nicolson

WHAT DO WE expect from this, the concluding volume of Winston Churchill's great history of the Second World War? We expect an unbiased narrative of events: we expect a running commentary on these events and of their effects upon each other: we expect all this to be presented in a style both massive and fluent: and we expect the volume to add a final touch of mastery to the self-portrait of an extraordinary man. Our expectations are not disappointed.

TRIUMPH AND TRAGEDY, by Winston Churchill (Houghton Mifflin; $6).

How can a statesman who has played so creative a part in great transactions, who has himself been buffeted by what he calls "the antics of Fortune," hope to compose an unbiased narrative of events, so recent that, as he writes there in his happy home at Chartwell, he can still hear the sound of cannon firing and the voices of companions who today are dead? Only by the suppression of all personal vanity can such a feat be accomplished.

Let me take two examples of Churchill's unselfish approach. There were many matters of high importance in which his judgment was correct but in which the opinions of others ultimately prevailed. He was, for instance, right in regarding the Riviera landings as an unproductive diversion and urging that the armies in Italy should be strengthened rather than weakened and encouraged to dash forward to the capture of Vienna. He was the first to see that Russia was determined to exploit her victory in order to establish herself in the center of Europe and he was right in urging that the Western Powers should make every effort to keep Czechoslovakia at least within the democratic zone. Although in defending Athens against capture by the Communists he obtained his own desires by sheer strength of will, he did so only against the most bitter criticism from the mass of the American press and public and from important minorities in England itself. Yet, in that he is aware that human fallibility is a constant factor, that he has often in his long life been himself mistaken, he does not indulge in passages of self-esteem or derision of others. Churchill is not the man to say "I told them so at the time, but they would not listen." Yet in fact, as the papers prove, it was not only after the event that he was wise.

Consider also the proportions that he has given to the campaigns and transactions that he describes. A vain or selfish man might concentrate upon these matters for which he had personal responsibility and might ignore or denigrate those other operations which, important though they were, fell outside the scope of his own authority or experience. One of the most powerful and vivid chapters in the whole volume is that devoted to the Battle of Leyte Gulf, a triumph of American naval strategy in which Britain's navy played but a subordinate rôle. He is generous always, always benevolent, even to those with whom at the time he fiercely disagreed.

With what impersonal mastery (since the great artist can transcend his own individuality) does he describe for us his relations with his two great collaborators, President Roosevelt and Marshal Stalin. For Franklin D. Roosevelt, Churchill cherished an almost sentimental affection, born, I suspect, of gratitude for the tact with which the President had gently broken to him at the White House the frightful news of the fall of Tobruk. How precious to each of them, and to the world, was this affection and esteem. At a moment of despair, when the early success of Rundstedt's offensive threatened to separate our two armies, Churchill could telegraph to his friend at the White House: "I have a feeling this is a time for an intense new impulse, both of friendship and exertion, to be drawn from our bosoms and to the last scrap of our resources. Do not hesitate to tell me of anything you think we can do." That, assuredly, is comradeship in arms.

There was something romantic, something almost school-boyish, about their association. When arrangements were being made for the President and the Prime Minister to meet Stalin in the Crimea (on the very spot near Colchis to which Jason and his comrades had sailed to win the golden fleece) Churchill suggested that the code-word "Argonaut" should be given to the operation. "Your suggestion of 'Argonaut'," replied Roosevelt, "is welcomed. You and I are direct descendants." Surely, in the midst of battle, that is a fine cry for two allies to exchange. And it was true.

It was with tender despair that Churchill realized at Yalta that the President's health and strength had failed. "Our friendship," he cabled to him only a few weeks before his death, "is the rock on which I build for the future of the world, so long as I am one of the builders." This was no diplomatic device or courtesy: it was the conviction of a man who knew that, quite apart from politics, the conjunction of what was best in Churchill and what was best in Roosevelt represented what was best in the Anglo-Saxon heart and mind.

With Stalin it was different. Churchill was evidently fascinated by Stalin, as by some strange Caucasian bull. There were moments when he would stare straight into Stalin's eyes, seeking to penetrate the Asian mystery. At one moment he detected a twinkle of merriment; at another, when at their last meeting they pledged each other in brandy, the momentary frankness that can be aroused between two antagonists who know each other to be great. Had Churchill remained Prime Minister, and had he returned to Potsdam to tell Stalin that Poland must not have the Neisse frontier, then the history of the earth might have been different. But Churchill did not return to Potsdam. He was soundly beaten at the General Election of July 1945. He regrets the decision of the electorate: but he does not complain.

The style in which this volume is composed is less colored, less rhetorical than that of its predecessors. It is as

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lucid as ever, frequently as vivid, sometimes as witty in its under-statements. But the sound of the great big drum is absent from the paean and the regimental marches. Churchill is artist enough to realize that these huge final chords must be simple. He gives us a magnificently muted close. If any bitterness at human imbecility survive, if any disappointment at the cruel tricks that destiny played upon mankind, it is not apparent in the pages of this noble book. It is relegated to a fly-leaf. "Theme of the Volume" we read, and then follow these lapidary words:—"How the Great Democracies triumphed, and so were able to resume the follies, which had so nearly cost them their life." But on the opposite fly-leaf there is another inscription. "Moral of the Work" we read, and then:

In War: Resolution
In Defeat: Defiance
In Victory: Magnanimity
In Peace: Goodwill.

This is the message that Winston Churchill has given to his generation and will bequeathe to posterity.

How far, in conclusion, does this volume add to the self-portrait of this strange phenomenon, Winston Spencer Churchill?

A person reading this book, say in the year 2053, might conclude that Churchill was a ruthless, even a callous man, subject to moments of almost feminine sensibility. He has excluded from his narrative the days of atrocious anxiety, such as that after the Anzio landing, or that night of agony that he spent before D-Day. He records blithely the speech he made in the House of Commons at noon on June 6, 1944 when the armies were battling on the beaches of Arromanches; he does not mention the fact that on that occasion those of us who were present recognized in the corpse-like pallor of his face the symptom of the night of horrible apprehension through which he had just passed. Certainly Churchill is by temperament a warrior. He likes to be there on the spot; off he goes in a destroyer to help in the bombardment of the Normandy beaches; there he is again gazing at the landing in southern France; we find him under fire on the River Metauro, "where Hasdrubal's defeat had sealed the fate of Carthage"; he runs great risks in driving through a Communist held Athens; he runs even greater risks returning there a few weeks later and standing up unprotected in Constitution Square to address the populace; "we had a jolly day," he writes jauntily to his Foreign Secretary, "we crossed the Rhine."

The cabinet ministers, the generals were appalled at their inability to control his recklessness. Yet it was a good thing certainly. Stalin was not wrong when he raised his glass "to the most courageous of all Prime Ministers."

It was this inflexible courage that rendered him the great leader of war. To General Alexander he telegraphs at a crucial moment: "Pray therefore address yourself in this greatly improved situation in a spirit of audacious enterprise." "I do not yield," he telegraphs to our Ambassador in Athens, "to passing clamor, and will always stand with those who execute their instructions with courage and precision." "It must be wonderful," he cables to De Gaulle, "to be a Frenchman twenty years old, with good weapons in his hands, and France to avenge and save." Such is the quality of inspiration.

Yet genius is composed of qualities other than courage and resolution. It must include the gift of prophecy. Sad indeed it is to read in this volume how many of Churchill's prophecies have come true. It must contain a gift for detail also, a capacity such as Churchill possesses to worry at one moment about whether the troops in the Italian armies had sufficient beer and why the Foreign Office could not spell the word "inadmissible." And it must contain righteousness and magnanimity. A generosity of mind that could pardon all those who sinned against him, could regret the murder of Mussolini and the Nüremburg trials. A Statesman who can face the verdict of history with unflinching eyes, confident that she will proclaim that here was a character of such greatness that it towered above the vulgar works of man.

THE HERO AS A POLITICIAN

by Paul H. Douglas

SINCE POLITICS has been correctly defined as the "art of the possible," those who practice it are seldom either heroes or saints. At best, the politician tends to be one who makes the most satisfactory adjustments within the existing balance of forces, and with the human material which is available. He is, in a sense, therefore a social carpenter, which is a useful but seldom heroic occupation.

ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE, by Belle C. La Follette and Fola La Follette. (Macmillan; two volumes, $15).

As this forthright biography shows, Robert Marion La Follette was an exception to this general rule. Born on the frontier, he grew up in the simple farm and village life of the post-Civil War period. Graduating from the University of Wisconsin, he was almost immediately elected state's attorney of Dane county, and then served three terms in Congress from 1884 to 1890. His record in these posts was good but not extraordinary. He was indeed merely one of the hundreds of promising young politicians of the Gilded Age.

Then in 1891 came the turning point of his life. For it was then that Senator Sawyer, the Republican boss of Wisconsin, offered La Follette a big bribe if he would influence his brother-in-law to dismiss a case. This was a suit to compel previous state treasurers and their bondsmen to pay back the interest on the deposit of public funds which they had personally pocketed. La Follette not only spurned the bribe, but felt it was his duty to disclose the attempt. As a result he was bitterly denounced and ostracized by the politicians and business men of the state. This woke him up to the way in which politics was being dominated by the railroads, the packers, the big lumbermen and by the special interests rather than for the general welfare.

Rallying from the attacks made upon him and with little newspaper support, La Follette launched a campaign to return the government of Wisconsin to the people. Speaking continuously, he built up a progressive movement, which not only survived but grew while his fellow reformers, Altgeld of Illinois and Pingree of Michigan, were passing into political limbo. His candidate for governor was defeated in the Republican convention of 1894, and he was similarly beaten in 1896 and 1898, but he kept resolutely at work, and was finally nominated and elected in 1900.

Serving three terms as governor of

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Wisconsin, La Follette became one of the most creative, honorable, and constructive chief executives in the history of the Republic.

In his struggle for power, La Follette had become convinced that if popular government were to triumph, the convention system of nominating candidates would have to be replaced by the direct primary and also that railroads and corporations should bear their fair part of the tax burden. Constantly opposed by the old guard Republicans, he finally won over the majority of the legislature and initiated the flowering of the Wisconsin idea. In quick succession came the direct primary, the widespread extension of state civil service, a state income tax, the improved taxation of corporations and railroads, the establishment of a public utilities commission, the building up of a great state university, dedicated to the advancement of the people, and the creation of the legislative reference service under Charles McCarthy. Perhaps most important of all, he inspired a whole generation of Wisconsin citizens with a passion for honesty and reform, coupled with a tough-minded zeal for digging out the truth, and then organizing to make it effective.

With this phase of his work ended, La Follette was then elected to the United States Senate, in the days when that body was primarily a club of and for millionaires. In his first speech in connection with the Hepburn bill, he advanced the theory of physical valuation in terms of original cost as the proper basis for rate regulation by the Interstate Commerce Commission. As he rose to speak, the Republican Senators left the floor as one man, and moved into the cloak room. Looking around him, La Follette quietly uttered the historic words: "Those seats temporarily vacant, may be permanently vacated." The ripple of applause which came from the galleries marked the birth of the progressive movement as a national force.

During the next decade, La Follette worked with feverish intensity. He was in the thick of every legislative battle and was always well informed and cogent in argument. Working long hours while Congress was in session and editing La Follette's *Weekly*, he toured the West during the vacation periods with his Chautauqua speeches, and carried the live coals of progressivism into nearly every state. The composition of the Senate began to change. Norris, Borah, Bristow, Cummings and Gronna entered that body and others, like Dolliver and Clapp, broke away from the old guard and joined them.

Then in 1912 Theodore Roosevelt used La Follette as a stalking horse and at an opportune time entered the race for the presidential nomination. He took with him many of the men who had previously pledged their support to La Follette and who were presumably his closest advisers. La Follette never recovered from the spiritual shock of this betrayal and this was aggravated not only by the critical illness of his daughter but also by his own physical and nervous breakdown during his speech before the periodical editors and publishers. The twenty years of incessant work and struggle had taken their toll and ended whatever chance he had to become president.

With the election of Wilson, La Follette joined in the burst of reform measures which were enacted during the first two years of that administration, and he steered through to passage the Seamen's Act, which abolished serfdom on the seas. As the crisis with Germany deepened, La Follette fought with all his strength to keep us at peace. He led the famous filibuster against Wilson's bill to arm merchantmen, voted against the declaration of war, and was excoriated with bitter hatred. Due to a misrepresentation by the Associated Press of his St. Paul speech in the fall of 1917, he was nearly expelled from the Senate. Most of his old friends turned against him, and no politician of modern times ever suffered more for his convictions than he.

After the war he was, however, triumphantly re-elected in 1922, and in 1924 he made his gallant campaign as a third party candidate for the presidency. He polled nearly five million votes, carried Wisconsin, and ran second in many Western states. But the effort was too great, and the next spring his tired heart ceased to beat, and the dead hero was carried home to eternal rest.

In a lifetime of politics and a multitude of decisions, it is natural that La Follette should have made some mistakes. He was wrong in his earlier advocacy of a protective tariff and in his later opposition to the League of Nations. He was probably mistaken in his opposition to our entry in World War I. Moreover, he was sometimes unnecessarily severe in his treatment of associates who deviated from his doctrines or tactics, as was evidenced by the way in which he cast out Governor McGovern.

But La Follette was superbly honest, highly intelligent, devoted to the public welfare and an untiring worker. He saw the danger of monopoly more clearly than any public man of his generation, and he labored for an America in which political and economic power would be diffused. But above all, he was a lion-hearted fighter for what he believed to be right. The smooth politicians of his day are already forgotten but his memory lives on. He was the real hero, as Norris was the saint of the Progressive Movement.

But La Follette could not have done his work without the help and love of his devoted family. His wife Belle was for nearly a half century his wisest counsellor and his untiring helper. His eldest son, Bob, carried from an early age the heavy burden of his father's office, and then for twenty years was his worthy successor in the Senate.

Had La Follette known that he was dying, he would perhaps have whispered to his family, the dying words of his beloved Hamlet: "report me and my cause aright." This they have done in this fine and straightforward biography. La Follette's wife brought the story down to 1910 before she died in 1931. His eldest daughter, Folla, then took up the task and after two decades has now completed the full record of the last fifteen crowded years of her father's life. Their treatment of La Follette may at times be necessarily subjective, but it provides an intimacy which a critical study could not furnish.

The American people owe the La Follette family a great debt. In them, as in Norris, the best features of the American spirit worked and struggled in the murky field of politics. They have raised a standard to which the wise and honest may rally.

Notes on the Critics

HAROLD NICOLSON is a member of the British Parliament. PAUL DOUGLAS is a United States Senator from Illinois. GILBERT SELDES is the author of *The Seven Lively Arts* and other books for and about the theatre. WALLACE FOWLIE's most recent book is a study of Rimbaud. JOHN HENRY RALEIGH teaches at the University of California at Berkeley.

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SHIMMERING IN PRINT

A HUNDRED YEARS ago, poets who were enamored of actresses would write laments comparing the player's art with that of the painter or sculptor, weeping over the evanescence of a performance which could never be exactly repeated, of an emotion which could never be recaptured. We have changed all that; photography and the motion picture (now with sound and color) are merciless records of events and the phonograph, allowing for new methods of recording, gives us a chance to compare not only styles of performance, but the precise range and quality of a singer's voice. I have been with movie actors when they ran off some of their old pictures and have noted the mixture of pride and embarrassment (mostly pride, however) with which they watched themselves. It is a far more personal and painful experience than merely reading a stray article one wrote twenty years ago. Even the stills from movies, 3000 of which you may find in Daniel Blum's outsize *Pictorial History of the Silent Screen* (Putnam; $10) have this same capacity to shock, to dismay, and, above all, to start memory on one of its most attractive paths, the path to the nowhere of pure entertainment.

Next to the soft playing of old songs, unless brought up to date and ruined by "personality" singers, nothing can have the same nostalgic value as pictures of stage and movie productions, reviews of the same, stories about dancers, producers, composers, and to use the word Deems Taylor insists on—in *Some Enchanted Evenings* (Harper; $3.95)—lyrists. I am speaking, of course, as one who lived through the period with which all these books are concerned; to the late-begotten who think that the movies began with Cinerama; that there never was a hit musical before *Oklahoma!* (with its dratted exclamation point) and that all entertainment, for half a century was secretly aspiring to the level of the Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin TV shows, these books will have a faintly musty odor—which will vanish for the next generation—because twenty years from now each one of them will be mined for the factual material they contain, and TV shows will be built around them.

If I had my way I would build the first one—not later, but now—around *Bring on the Girls* by P. G. Wodehouse and Guy Bolton (Simon and Schuster; $3.95) because for twenty years I have wanted to revive the lovely small musicals they created with Jerome Kern, the ones known as "The Princess Shows" from the theatre in which they were presented, the most consistently lighthearted productions of the American stage. The book, I may say, is a colossal, good-humored, unpretentious fraud—you will find long conversations between the collaborators which coincide exactly with some of the madder dialogue in the various sagas of Jeeves and Bertie and various eggs and crumpets in the Wodehouse canon. But the candid delight both of the writers take in their past, in their memories, in the thought of a theatre unthreatened, inexpensive, and for them so often lucrative, is irresistible.

Hammerstein (Oscar II) worte the lyrics for Kern's masterpiece, *Show Boat*, and joined Richard Rodgers when Lorenz Hart could no longer be relied upon to do his work; actually Hart "wanted no part" of *Oklahoma!* and died soon after it was produced. In Deems Taylor the two great talents of our musical stage are fortunate to have a literate, perceptive, and knowing narrator (I do not say biographer because Mr. Taylor himself rejects the title). As an example, when Taylor is discussing "The Last Time I Saw Paris," he notes that Kern may have been imitating a French cabaret song, and continues, "But Paris cabaret songs, however banal, are written with a sort of shabby sincerity. They have a mood. . . . Kern . . . captured the banality but missed the mood." There is also a fascinating chapter on the techniques of lyrics and music in which Taylor points out precisely the innovations Rodgers and Hammerstein contributed, showing what the average writer and composer would have done and why it wouldn't have been so good. (The first time I met Taylor he demonstrated to me exactly the same thing in connection with the Princess songs of Jerry Kern.) Since this admiring book does go into criticism, and mighty well, I think it rather a pity that the changeover from *Pal Joey* to the more genteel manner of Rodgers' later scores, more sentimental and more Savoyish isn't noted.

About musical shows one (I) can be sentimental without bathos because they exist and will continue to exist. I have also to face two books about the movies and the one thing I can be sure of is that if they persist, they will be transformed out of all knowing, either into their new dimensions or into feeders for the TV-screen. *The Public Is Never Wrong*, by Adolph Zukor with Dale Kramer (Putnam; $4) is anecdotal and pretty negligible, unless you want to discover how the first hysteria about Sinatra was engineered by a press-agent and how Doug Fairbanks (Sr.) suspended shooting, at great cost, to entertain Babe Ruth; its only valuable pages are those about the earliest days of the nickelodeon and a few glimpses of high finance. Read against it, I suggest, King Vidor's *A Tree Is a Tree* (Harcourt, Brace; $3.95) to discover whether the artist-director or the front office is always right. I have always admired Vidor's work—not always those things he himself set most store by, as he often introduced an artificial and even arty element into his movies—and I think this serious story of his own career is both impressive and sad.

Not because he sold his rights in *The Big Parade* and missed being a millionaire, but because after he was established as a fine and profit-making director he still was set to do trash, because his fate and that of John Ford and a few others (including the master of all of them, D. W. Griffith) stand like a perpetual warning—let us say to directors like John Huston and producers like Stanley Kramer, the few people by whose hands you feel the movie, the beautiful genuine movie, might be remolded and preserved.

The two other books I have for notice are Joe Laurie's *Vaudeville* (Holt; $5) and *S. Hurok Presents* (Hermitage; $4.50). The first is a stupendous and sprawling account—there are over 2000 entries in the index—including the texts of typical acts as well as the lines excised by censors, biographies of the men who made the business as well as accounts of the stars who made the profession. It is the only one of these books which seems not to have been written in the mood of nostalgia, perhaps because Joe Laurie writes for *Variety* and *Variety* (like certain publishers) keeps the bible up to date.

In a sense, Mr. Hurok's story of his connection with the ballet (he has already published his memoirs as a concert manager) is the most solid of all these books. It is, at the same time, the most outspoken and partisan. On the

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people who use ballet to advance themselves, artistically or socially, Hurok is wicked, and about fly-by-night managers, he is as near to vicious as the law allows. The book is personal, which means that whatever Hurok didn't have a hand in gets into the book only on sufferance; but he had a hand in most of the ballet enterprises of our time, and he stuck with them although they were generally what is known in business circles as a headache. He is shrewd and only a little self-satisfied—and for his share in making people aware of their own liking for ballet, for his share in taking it away from the balletomanes, he deserves well of his country.

GILBERT SELDES

A PACKAGE OF POETRY

I SUSPECT that what has always been considered the admirable simplicity of May Sarton's poetry is something more than that. In this newest volume, she demonstrates a great range of feeling and subject, an unusual strength in describing what comes before her eyes and touches her heart. Whether she speaks of zinnias or swans or the irradiating light of Provence, she testifies to a deep experience of reality which far surpasses purely speculative philosophy. In the poignant *Letter from Chicago for Virginia Woolf*, and especially in the series of sonnets (*These Images Remain*), her words have an unexpected newness. They are never deadened by artifice or pose. The ease with which images in her poetry transpose notions provides the notions or the abstractions with their own firmness and poetic vigor.

A deliberate approach to philosophical themes marks the new poems of Richard Eberhart. In the two very long poems, *Fragment of New York, 1929* and *Letter*, as well as in many of the briefer poems, the poet is questioning the essential mystery of man, the torments of a conscience at once committed to a life which limits it and promised to a death which worries it. The courageous element of this poetry is the effort it narrates to bring about some union between the universe contained within the body and the conscience of the poet, and the universe which contains him. In his role of poet, Mr. Eberhart is integrated within a cosmic revery which isolates him but which affords him a remarkable sense of the reality of his own existence. The short lyric, *On the Fragility of Mind*, would seem to be the recognition of the profound identity which had always existed between the terms of subject and object. Mr. Eberhart is a philosophical poet, but the intrinsic beauty and existence of each of these new poems is never lost sight of in order to establish a relationship between it and the poet's personal drama.

Wrack at Tidesend is the second volume of a trilogy, *England Reclaimed*. Twenty-five years have intervened between the publishing of the first series and this second book. Mr. Sitwell has made a long-playing record of his own reading from the pages of this new book. The poems are portraits of characters at an English seaside resort in the Victorian period. Yet the sophisticated satire, which is its principal characteristic, has universality. The poet explains in his preface that the general title of his work, *England Reclaimed*, refers only to the sense of reclaiming the ground of England from obliteration by time. The specific poems in this second volume he calls "Balnearics," because they concern people who belong to a health resort.

All of them were observed by the poet when he was a child, and they stand out as large figures viewed from the optics of a small boy. The repertory is lengthy and varied. There is Dick, the Donkey-Boy, Lousy Peter (a professional beggar), The Three Miss Coltrums, Variable Mr. Hull (a ticket-collector), Miss Lopez from Andalusia, Mrs. Chivers who "always had the latest books from the Lending Library." The book is the recreation of a child's world as remembered by the poet. The world is recognizable but distorted by the emphases and the secret reactions of a boy's heart. The outer universe is constantly being formed by the poet's concentration on his feelings, on the spectacles of his inner universe. The humor, when it tends to become ferocious, is quickly lessened, and the sadness too, when it grows, is quickly denied. It is a rigid world, fixed, and without remission, the familiar world of the child and the buffoon.

WALLACE FOWLIE

THE LAND OF SILENCE, by May Sarton (Rinehart; $2.50). UNDERCLIFF, by Richard Eberhart (Oxford; $4). WRACK AT TIDESEND, by Osbert Sitwell (Caedmon; $2.50).

SCIENCE IN EASY DOSES

THE RELATIONSHIP between science and popular journalism has enormously improved in the past thirty years. As long as science has existed, there have been a few of its practitioners who wrote well, but until recently they did so only in their books, and even there, the cult of unintelligibility was common. Only a few decades ago, the scientist typically did everything he could to prevent journalists from writing about his work, and his attitude was all too often justified; the typical newspaper or magazine article was usually sensational and inaccurate.

Today the situation has improved in several directions. There exists a band of professional popularizers, many of whom know more about science in general than does the average specialist, rooting in one narrow field. Most of these science writers expound difficult and complicated matters with clarity and almost always with accuracy as well. To their number must be added the large and growing body of scientists who have themselves learned to report all but the most complicated matters in comprehensible and sometimes admirable prose.

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Feature at 1:20, 2:50, 4:25, 5:50, 7:20, 8:55, 10:30
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Between them, these two groups have contributed to the education of the general public in scientific matters that is at least beginning today. To be sure, this education is not proceeding as fast as it should. In the introduction to the *Scientific American Reader* (Simon and Schuster; $6), the editors observe:

> . . . There ought to be a wider understanding of science in our society. Such understanding, as most of us are uncomfortably aware, is a new obligation of citizenship. Science and technology increasingly affect the public issues of the day. . . . Illiteracy in science . . . promotes the anti-rational, illiberal mood presently ascendant in our culture.

All seven of the books under review illustrate in one way or another the improvement in popular writing about science. The *Scientific American Reader*, for example, contains both good writing by scientists and good (and accurate) writing by "popularizers." The book is a selection of articles from the pages of the magazine during the last five years, in which it has come to be one of the leading popular scientific periodicals of the English-speaking world. The articles, arranged in twelve groups, give a bird's-eye view of nearly everything of importance that is going on in science today. Reading this book is a pleasant way of bringing yourself up to date about interesting and sometimes dramatic developments in many fields.

Among the scientists who write well, the name of William Beebe, almost everybody's favorite naturalist, is high on the list. His new book, *Unseen Life of New York* (Duell, Sloan and Pearce —Little, Brown; $4), is a description of the wild life to be found within a hundred miles of New York City, including the heights of the air, the depths of the sea, and a range in time from hundreds of thousands of years ago down to the present. Beebe knows how to hold your attention with fascinating detail, as he tells you of prehistoric bison in the neighborhood of New York as big as a small elephant, and of beaver the size of a black bear. His new book deserves to go on the shelf alongside his classic *Jungle Peace*.

Henry Field, author of *The Track of Man* (Doubleday; $5.95), has been a dedicated anthropologist from the age of twelve. A member of the Marshall Field family of Chicago, who got nearly all of his education in England, he has divided most of his adult life between hard work in the Field Museum in Chicago and exciting adventures on field trips, most of them in Asia Minor. After many years, he has never lost the thrill of finding relics of early man, and he successfully communicates his excitement to the reader with none of the artificial emotionalism that has marked some other books in this field.

Ruth Moore has made herself, in a short time, one of the leaders in scientific journalism. Her book, *Man, Time and Fossils* (Knopf; $5.75), gives a rapid summary of the chief facts about the theory of evolution, in which many familiar names appear—Darwin, Lamarck, de Vries, Mendel, — as well as others less well known but still significant. She then goes on to the always fascinating detective story of the finding of the fossil remains of early man, reporting the results of two wonderful new tools this research now possesses—the accumulating fluorine content of old bones, and the gradually declining residue of radioactive carbon in organic substances that are less than about 25,000 or 30,000 years old. Her concluding chapters give the scientific evidence for believing that modern man is much more recent than had been supposed, and that important mutations take place far more rapidly than was once thought possible. Human beings as we know them today are now considered to be a matter of the past fifty thousand to one hundred thousand years, rather than a million.

Not many books have been written about ecology, the study of the living organism in relation to the total environment. It takes a brave man to attempt it, since the ecologist must know at least something about rocks, soil, water, bacteria, plants, animals, the principles of natural selection and a lot of other things. John H. Storer, whose own specialty is birds, has the necessary interest in a wide range of subjects. His book, *The Web of Life* (Devin-Adair; $3), is brief, simple and lucid, dealing largely with the problem of conservation of natural resources—which, after all, is applied ecology at a highly important level. This volume might well stimulate the casual reader to an interest in the general subject, and he can then go deeper into its multifarious facets.

Dr. Eugenie Clark is an icthyologist and, I am sure, a good one, but that is not the chief reason why her book, *Lady with a Spear* (Harper; $3.50), has been published. She is an attractive young woman (of Scottish, Japanese and American descent) who has done a lot of sea diving while collecting specimens in many parts of the world, and notably in the Southwest Pacific, the Caribbean and the Red Sea. While her book contains much interesting material about the life habits of many rare fishes, it will be read, I am sure, primarily as an adventure story. On her very first helmeted dive, she was almost asphyxiated, and many of her other adventures have been almost equally dramatic. Her style is lively and unpretentious, with the customary degree of casual modesty about her own exploits.

Homer Smith's book, *From Fish to Philosopher* (Little, Brown; $4), is something of a *tour de force*, although an interesting one. A member of the faculty of the New York University Medical School, he is an authority on the kidney, that amazing organ which plays such an important role in the functioning of the whole body. His work sets out to tell about the evolution of the kidney, but in the course of doing so, it describes the story of evolution, and especially human evolution, in so far as it is known, from its beginning down to the present. The tone is far from the rather angry one of Dr. Smith's earlier book, *Man and His Gods*; this is a straightforward, non-controversial narrative which, while rather hard going for the layman here and there, gives a fascinating picture of the evolution of living organisms under the pressure of changing environment. BRUCE BLIVEN

RECENT SHOWS

The Death of Odysseus by Lionel Abel (Artists' Theatre). The best writing of the season so far; a more than competent production.

Life is a Dream by Calderon, and other plays (Broadhurst Theatre, Alejandro Ulloa and his Spanish Theatre). Classics presented by what is held to be a major Spanish company; which could only prove that the Spanish theatre is now the worst in Europe.

Escapade by Roger MacDougall (48th Street Theatre). Even more Shavian in method than *Sabrina Fair*, but even more lacking in Shavian genius. Melville Cooper and Roddy McDowall make an heroic effort to rescue the evening from the limp hands of author, director (Alfred de Liagre), and stars (Brian Aherne and Ursula Jeans).

Madam, Will You Walk by Sidney

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Howard (Phoenix Theatre). This new theatrical enterprise opens with a polished production of a play which is intellectual without being intelligent. However, the funny bits are funny. Any show is improved by the presence of Hume Cronyn and transfigured by that of Jessica Tandy.

Kismet by just about everybody you've ever heard of from Los Angeles to Moscow (Ziegfeld Theatre). The collaboration is not entirely harmonious, even though one of the collaborators is dead. But there are amusing moments in the two-hour-and-forty-minute show. And Alfred Drake is lithe, charming, and volcanic as ever; he is also in good voice. E.B.

FOUR NEW NOVELS

The Palm-Wine Drinkard, by Amos Tutuola (Grove; $2.75), which is a fantasy with allegorical overtones, seems to be equally beholden to the primordial bush world of West Africa, where the author was born, and to the British civilization which has attempted to appropriate that world.

The narrator is a fabulous character who drinks 225 kegs of palm-wine a day, who can practise juju, and who undergoes extraordinary extra-sensory adventures as he searches for his dead tapster, without whose inexhaustible talents for procuring palm-wine life is unbearable. *The Palm-Wine Drinkard* is possessed of an imagination that is valuable and that seems to be progressively eradicated as "civilization" advances. But it is also difficult to imagine the author creating a genre, or even writing another novel which would not be repetitious, in this vein.

Roger Nimier's *The Blue Hussar* (Messner; $3.75) is a curious amalgam of Stendhal and Norman Mailer: on the one hand, a Julian Sorel type hero engaged in a complex love affair with a twentieth century Mathilde, and, on the other, cursing, sweating enlisted men and Fascistic or elegant or perverse or stupid officers. This novel proves either that life in the French Army is remarkably like that in the American Army, or that one branch of modern American literature is conquering the world.

Camilo Cela, a Falangist, fought with Franco in the Civil War, and it is a tribute to his skill and integrity as a writer that a commendatory introduction to his novel, *The Hive* (Farrar, Straus and Young; $3.50), is written by Arturo Barea, a Republican living in exile. For *The Hive* is of no party, except suffering mankind.

The "Hive" is Madrid, transfixed for a moment in its teeming wretchedness by a series of brief vignettes through which, sometimes looping back and forth in time, Cela affords glimpses into the lives of scores of characters. The technique is straight naturalistic "slice of life," in the tradition of what is called Spanish realism, with its pitiless stare only faintly masking a giant indignation at the human condition and an immense compassion for people. For the brute fact of hunger, which has been a ground-theme of Spanish literature since the Middle Ages, is still one of the central aspects of Spanish life, and *The Hive* is its modern testimony.

The Deep Sleep by Wright Morris (Scribner's; $3.50) is an excellent novel by a neglected writer. It is about first things, about men and women and what they are and how they affect one another and what the possible meanings are of their mutual existence. For the "deep sleep" refers to the primeval one when the sleeping Adam was delivered of a rib bone that was fashioned into Eve. We are inclined to forget that our greatest Western myth turns finally and psychologically upon the relationship between the sexes, and that it distributes to the two partners, underneath the overt condemnation of Eve, precisely the two qualities that have made the race itself prosper and endure: aspiration (to the man) and acceptance (to the woman).

It is a day in the life of a Philadelphia family—almost but not quite Mainliners—after the death of the head of the family, a Judge. He is survived by his wife, his mother and his daughter. His one son had died in the war, but two males, close to him, also survive: the old man who did handy-work around the house and his son-in-law, an artist named Webb. Into this complex of relationships are woven various strands of meaning, sociological and psychological. Grandmother, who had seen Lincoln, persists in her ninety-ninth year with a turtle-like tenacity and ferocious individualism. A second generation, Judge and Mrs. Porter, still live by the old rules, although more prosaically, and the male has begun to be bewildered and to be sure of himself only in the outside world. The third generation has no rules but only an acute and torturing self-consciousness and is simultaneously in rebellion against and in awe of the ram-rod characteristics of the elders. Cutting across these historical strains are the timeless ones concerning man and woman: the female exasperation with the male desire to *think*, to find a pattern that explains the facts, and to rebel; the male horror of the female's tendency to accept this "worst of all possible worlds" and of her biological vitality.

Yet it would be an oversimplification to say that this was the novel's "message," for it has no single theme. No two people are alike and every relationship is unique. Nobody, male or female, has an easy time of it. And when the innumerable strengths and weaknesses, innocencies and guilts have been distributed to all characters, but especially to the Judge and his wife, who have failed in so many things and are yet so admirable, Webb concludes: "The unjust thing was that it was just. The horrible thing was that it was not horrible. They had been to some kind of conscience, they had each made some sort of peace with their souls. . . ."

JOHN HENRY RALEIGH

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From Our Readers

► Richard Nixon in Rangoon

The Rangoon press are generally agreed that Mr. Vice-President Nixon who was here for three days from November 24, was, with all his hand-shaking and hail-fellow-well-met manners, a disappointment. The *New Times of Burma* thus reported his arrival in a banner headline: "Mr. Nixon comes empty-handed"; *The Nation,* while agreeing that his informal manners were charming thought he was just "trying hard to be a good politician but the trouble is he is not enough of one." Newsmen felt that Mr. Nixon had cleverly and politely passed them by. . . .

With the men in the street Mr. Nixon was all charms. It was as if he thought he was still campaigning for the Vice-Presidency and Burmese votes would count. He would shake hands with men and women waiting for him outside in the streets, and on one occasion he surprised a rather lean-looking individual with, "Hey! you need a little filling up!" The man might have felt flattered to be told by the American Vice-President that he was not as he should be, but then Burma was expecting much more from the visiting dignitary than pleasant greetings and little surprises. What about the Chinese Nationalist troops within Burma's borders, the pressmen and the people had wanted to ask; how far would Mr. Nixon go in fixing the blame for the trespass on Chiang Kai-shek of Formosa? The troops have been a serious threat to Burma's security for many anxious years now, and in the recent past the situation has aggravated because the Chinese Nationalists have been actively building up alliances with local bandits and rebels. The issue is now before the United Nations, while a token withdrawal of unarmed and combatworthy troops goes under the supervision of America, Thailand and Formosa. This burning question Mr. Nixon avoided with creditable dexterity till at the last moment, bidding farewell at the airport, he came out with a promise to report the situation to "the highest levels of my government" and recommend vigorous efforts to find a complete solution. He agreed that a token withdrawal of the troops was not such a solution.

The solution of national and international problems is not always a speedy process, Mr. Nixon warned, but this cautious attitude contrasted sharply with the boisterous optimism with which he made public declarations in Taipeh that Chiang Kai-shek truly represented the Chinese people and that he would be returning to the mainland soon.

That Mr. Nixon will have a brilliant future in politics was shown in his masterly treatment of anti-Nixon demonstrators at Pegu, an ancient capital 50 miles out of Rangoon. The officials were showing him around, wanted to steer him away from the small crowd of banner-waving people, but he would have none of it. Going straight at the demonstrators he brought out his successful shake-hand stuff: "I see your sign is addressed to Mr. Nixon, and I am he. How do you do; what's your name?" The demonstrators dispersed quickly, nonplussed. His skill in handling difficult situations, his readiness to shake hands with all and sundry, his intuition for saying the right thing, his ruthless efficiency and determination to be successful, and last but not least his charming wife, are assets that should carry Mr. Nixon far in his political ambitions. But that was about all that Rangoon could gather from his visit.

Rangoon, Burma MAUNG MAUNG

► A Reader's Guide

With aspirin in one hand and ice-pack in the other, I listened recently to the junior Senator from Wisconsin. At the conclusion of radio's LONGEST half-hour, sleep was nowhere to be found; but I was reminded anew of how desperately those of us who can read with some measure of intelligence . . . *NEED New Republic.*

Accordingly, I am happy indeed to enclose a check for $12—representing two additional years of the only weekly publication I can both trust and admire.

Confession, they say, is good for the soul. I became an *NR* subscriber, at first, because—on the one hand—I wanted to fight the national cancer which is "McCarthyism." Also because I wanted to champion that doughty Don from Libertyville, Illinois, the Hon. Adlai Stevenson.

I have never been disappointed on either count.

But I would like to remind every liberal, every Democrat, every *NR* reader, yes—and every conscience-stricken Republican too . . . that the Congressional election so near at hand . . . is perhaps more terribly important to us than even *NR* has thus far suggested. In this regard, may I say that Senator McCarthy did an admirable job of "laying it on the line" . . . when he pointed out that the American electorate can rid itself of his kind—if it chooses.

If "McCarthyism" *IS* a primary issue, then the Senator's challenge is—unfortunately—valid. I believe we have got to make certain that (a) those who support this diseased inquisition are defeated at the polls . . . and that (b) those who would throttle "McCarthyism" before it, in turn, strangles the spirit of inquiry—are sent to Congress.

I look to the *New Republic* . . . for guidance along the way.

Wichita, Kans. C. WILLIAM PLATT

► Adlai Stevenson

There is much discussion regarding Stevenson's visit to Georgia. Was it not true that Senators George and Russell and Governor Talmadge voted for Stevenson in 1952 and did not *BOLT* the Party?

In Texas, Price Daniel and Allen Shivers, Senator and Governor, actively supported Eisenhower and introduced him all over Texas. They BOLTED the Democratic Party and forfeited the right to be called Democrats.

. . . Six Senatorial fund-raising dinners have been held in Texas to meet a $70,000 quota for the national contests in '54. All of these dinners have been in the hands of pro-Stevenson elements. If the Shivercrat element is present, they are not introduced. At one dinner, a Congressman who supported Eisenhower, sat over in the corner, was introduced, got slight applause, while I (with no political office except a complete dedication to the election of Stevenson in '52) was invited to sit at the head table. Negroes and whites, rich and poor, bankers and ditch-diggers have been present at these dinners and paid their $10 to support the Democratic Party. The Honorable Sam Rayburn has brought a new day to Texas. The Democratic Party is more democratic than our churches.

Let Adlai Stevenson go wherever he desires and speak to anyone. He can be trusted. We, the grass-roots components, must make the necessary changes through the evolutionary process, knowing that Mr. Stevenson will promote the great ideals of the Democratic Party wherever he goes. He ate lunch with Dwight D.

(*Continued on page 23*)

ANOTHER GIFT IDEA . . .

THERE ARE STILL a few copies available of James Wechsler's *The Age of Suspicion.* You get one FREE with 3 *NR* gift subscriptions. Or you may buy a copy for only $2.50—a saving of $1.25 over the regular $3.75 price.

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To Our Readers

Dear President Eisenhower, wired Tony Campaigne, the 11-year-old son of the National Chairman of the American Veterans Committee, *please fire McCarthy; he takes too much of my daddy's time.* Two hundred more telegrams went off, in response to McCarthy's request, from the delegates to AVC's seventh national convention, held at Atlantic City this last weekend. Mickey Levine reported to the convention that all the telegrams were sent except one. It read: *"to hell with McCarthy!"* and he reported, "the Western Union office refused to transmit it because it contained a profane word—they were referring, of course, to the word McCarthy."

Mickey was elected Vice-Chairman of AVC. Bill Mauldin, the new Chairman, in his acceptance speech, made clear again why AVC is unique among veterans' organizations. He said simply: "I hate McCarthy's guts."

How far will the Brownell charges carry? Not beyond five million unemployed, guessed the delegates I talked to, and they believe unemployment will mount to that level next year. "Look," said Chick Chaikin, a labor organizer from New England, "My members don't like *Chochnes.* They were sleeping when Truman and McCarthy spoke. They don't know about the International Monetary Fund. They do see lay-offs in the shops and factories, and they say: *our kids drink milk*!"

I was glad to learn from another delegate, Robert Thompson of Atlanta, that Stevenson's trip to the South was a great success after all. The leaders whose views we published protested to Governor Talmadge that the Democratic leader must not speak to a segregated meeting in the State Capitol. To their surprise, Talmadge agreed. So the meeting was held, with no segregation, outside the Capitol. Then Stevenson went on to speak to the Negro leaders in the Butler Street YMCA. When he left, everyone was happy.

Certainly the official South lives at many levels. Here on my desk are pamphlets, distributed by Talmadge, stirring up hatred against liberals for meeting publicly with the same Negro leaders whom he met with in private and whose advice he took.

* * *

We are reprinting our 10,000 word report "The Trial of Harry Truman"—ten cents a single copy, and lower rates for bulk orders. The CIO and the ADA have bought the first large quantities.

m. s.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 22)

Eisenhower, but he did not become a Republican.

San Antonio, Texas MRS. A. L. VOIGHT

► The Trial of Harry Truman

Your story of "the Trial of Harry Truman" (*NR*, Nov. 30) was excellent. Best analysis of the White case I've read.

Portland, Ore. GEORGE D. DYSART

Let me thank you and congratulate you on the Nov. 30 issue with the wonderful "The Trial of Harry Truman" story. Such clarification so honestly presented in full is a rare thing today, and that issue will be kept by many for years to come, believe me. In fact the article should be distributed in some sort of pamphlet everywhere.

Craigville, Mass. MRS. ALICE VAN ARSDALE

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The Brownell speech . . . was "bound to have a good political effect," according to Werner Schroeder, former Illinois GOP national committeeman, who had Mr. Brownell in tow when he was here. "The people," said Mr. Schroeder, "have been interested in re-establishing morals and integrity in government. Mr. Brownell's speech outlined the way to do it." – *The Christian Science Monitor, November 7, 1953.*

Mr. Ludgin cited dentifrice advertising as an example of the kind of excessive claims that make youngsters satirical. The same claims were made first for ammoniated dentifrices, then for chlorophyll and again for anti-enzyme toothpastes, he said, and added: "Consider the confusion in the minds of men, women and children who can't possibly be expected to accept advertising as gospel if it changes the text every year." – *The New York Herald Tribune, November 25, 1953.*

A reporter asked what he thought the odds were on retaining office. The Senator [Wicks, N. Y. State Senate] answered: "Having no associations with race tracks and gambling, I don't get down to the question of odds." – *The New York Times, November 17, 1953.*

Folks are washing their necks and keeping their feet under the tables these days.

It's the Republican renaissance, otherwise known as the society revolution in the nation's capital. – *The Los Angeles Times, November 26, 1953.*

Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS.

MAGAZINE

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